

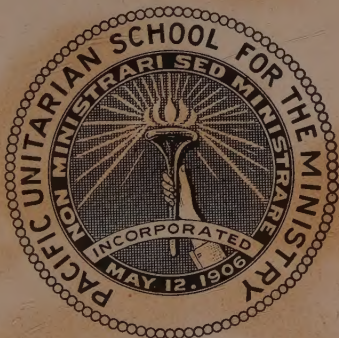


F. L. Hosmer:  
from

W. W. Hawkes  
Minister of

WEST KIRBY FREE CHURCH.

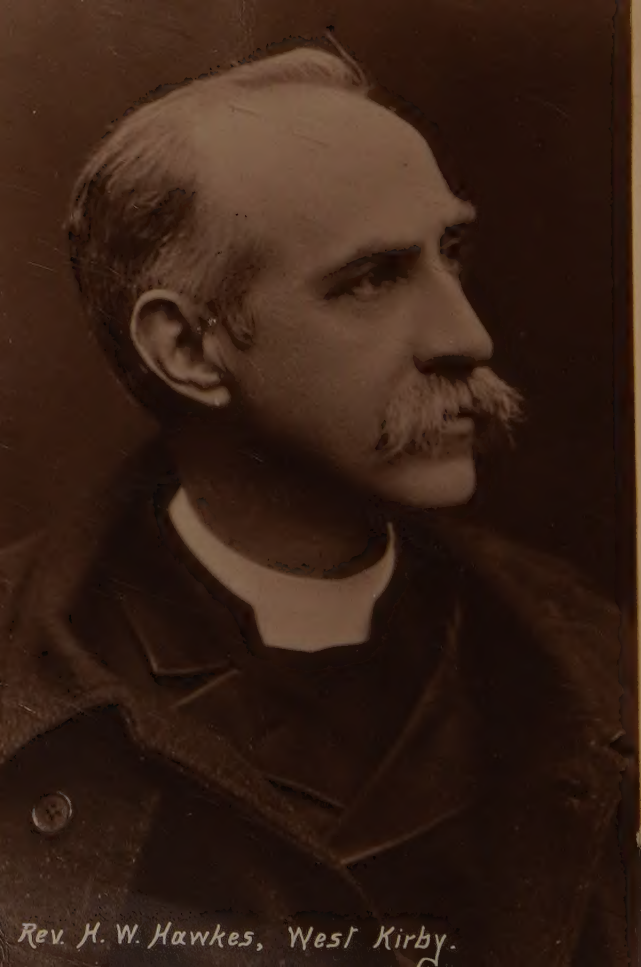
Birkenhead  
July, 1910.  
England.



BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

THE GIFT OF

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER



*Rev. H. W. Hawkes, West Kirby.*

# HYMNS AND SACRED SONGS

FOR CHURCH AND HOME.



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*Compiled and Edited by H. W. HAWKES, 1891.*

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*For Editor's Note, Index, Authors, &c.,  
see end of Hymnal.*

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## First Order of Service.

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### HYMN.

*Then the Minister shall say the following, all standing.*

The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship Him. God is a Spirit and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth.

*Then shall be sung the hymn called*

### **Te Deum Laudamus.**

We praise Thee, O God : we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord ;

All the *earth* doth worship Thee : *the* Father everlasting.

To Thee all *angels* cry aloud : the *heavens* and all the powers therein :

To Thee *Cherubin* and *Seraphin* : continually do cry,

*Holy, holy, holy : Lord God of Sabaoth ;*

*Heaven* and *earth* are full : of the majesty of Thy glory.

The glorious company of the Apostles :  
*pra*—ise Thee :

The goodly fellowship of the Prophets :  
*pra*—ise Thee :

The *noble* army of Martyrs : *pra*—ise Thee :  
The holy *Church* throughout all the world :  
doth acknowledge Thee, the *Father* of an  
infinite Majesty.

*Day*—by day : *we* magnify Thee ;

*And* we worship Thy name : *ever* world  
without end.

*Vouchsafe*, O Lord : to *keep* us this day  
without sin.

O Lord, let Thy *mercy* lighten upon us : *as*  
our trust is in Thee. AMEN.

*Then the Minister shall say, all kneeling :*

Let us pray.

*Here shall follow these Collects and Petitions, after  
each of which the people shall respond :*

Let Thy *mercy* lighten upon us, *as* our *trust*  
is in Thee.

### Collects and Petitions.

Almighty and Everlasting God, who art  
always more ready to give than we to pray,  
and art wont to give more than either we  
desire or deserve : pour down upon us the  
abundance of Thy mercy ; forgiving us those  
things whereof our conscience is afraid, and  
giving us those good things which we are not  
worthy to ask.

---

From all evil and mischief : from all blind-  
ness of heart : from pride, vainglory, and



hypocrisy : from envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness; from the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes and the pride of life, good Lord deliver us.

---

That it may please Thee to rule and govern Thy Church Universal in the right way; and to illuminate all preachers and teachers of religion with true knowledge and understanding of Thy will, so that both by their preaching and living they may set it forth and shew it accordingly, we beseech Thee, good Lord, to hear us.

---

That it may please Thee to keep and strengthen in the true worshipping of Thee, in righteousness and holiness of life, all kings, rulers, and governors : to endue all who bear authority and all who make and uphold the laws, with wisdom and understanding; giving them grace to execute justice and to maintain truth : and that it may please Thee to give to all nations unity, peace, and concord.

---

That it may please Thee to give to all Thy people increase of grace to hear meekly Thy word and to receive it with pure affection, and to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit; and that it may please Thee to give us an heart to love and fear Thee and diligently to live after Thy commandments.

That it may please Thee to bring into the way of truth all such as have erred and are deceived: to strengthen such as do stand: to comfort the weak-hearted and to raise up them that fall.

---

That it may please Thee to succour, help, and comfort all that are in danger, necessity, and tribulation: to preserve all that travel by land or by water: all sick persons and young children: and that it may please Thee to move the hearts of Thy people to shew pity upon all prisoners and captives, and to defend and provide for the fatherless children and widows and all that are desolate and oppressed.

---

That it may please Thee to give us true repentance, to forgive us all our sins, negligences, and ignorances, and to endue us with the grace of Thy holy Spirit to amend our lives according to Thy holy will.

---

Almighty and Everlasting God, who dost govern all things in heaven and earth, mercifully hear the supplications of Thy people, and grant us Thy peace all the days of our life.

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### **The Lord's Prayer.**

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First Lesson.—Hymn.—Second Lesson.—Prayer.  
Hymn.—Sermon.—Offertory.—Hymn.—Benediction.

## Second Order of Service.

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### HYMN.

*Then the Minister and the People shall say the following,  
all standing.*

O come, let us worship and bow down ; let us  
kneel before the Lord our Maker.

*For He is our God, and we are the people of His  
pasture and the sheep of His hand.*

Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and  
into His courts with praise.

*For the Lord is good ; His mercy is everlasting,  
and His truth endureth to all generations.*

---

Lift up your hearts.

*We lift them up unto the Lord.*

Praise ye the Lord.

*The Lord's name be praised.*

O Lord, open Thou our lips.

*And our mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.*

---

*Then shall be sung the following Canticle.*

O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord :  
praise Him and magnify Him for ever.

O ye Angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord :  
praise Him and magnify Him for ever.

O ye Sun and *Moon*, bless ye the Lord :  
praise Him and *magnify* Him for ever.

O ye Stars of *Heaven*, bless ye the Lord :  
praise Him and *magnify* Him for ever.

O ye Winds of *God*, bless ye the Lord : praise  
Him and *magnify* Him for ever.

O ye Winter and *Summer*, bless ye the Lord :  
praise Him and *magnify* Him for ever.

O ye Nights and *Days*, bless ye the Lord :  
praise Him and *magnify* Him for ever.

O ye Light and *Darkness*, bless ye the Lord :  
praise Him and *magnify* Him for ever.

O ye Mountains and *Hills*, bless ye the Lord :  
praise Him and *magnify* Him for ever.

O ye Seas and *Floods*, bless ye the Lord :  
praise Him and *magnify* Him for ever.

O ye Children of *Men*, bless ye the Lord :  
praise Him and *magnify* Him for ever.

O ye Servants of the *Lord*, bless ye the Lord :  
praise Him and *magnify* Him for ever.

O ye Spirits and Souls of the *Righteous*, bless  
ye the Lord : praise Him and *magnify* Him for  
ever.

O ye Holy and humble Men of *heart*, bless  
ye the Lord : praise Him and *magnify* Him for  
ever. AMEN.

Let us give thanks unto our Lord God.

*It is meet and right so to do.*

*Here all shall kneel or bow down, and the Minister shall say :*

It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, Holy Father, Almighty, Everlasting God.

*Then the Minister and People shall join in the following Thanksgiving :*

Almighty God, Father of all mercies, We, thine unworthy servants, Do give Thee most humble and hearty thanks, For all Thy goodness and loving kindness to us and to all men. We bless Thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life, But above all for Thine inestimable love and fatherly compassion ; For the means of grace and for the hope of glory. And we beseech Thee give us that due sense of all Thy mercies, That we may be unfeignedly thankful ; And that we may show forth Thy praise, Not only with our lips, but in our lives, By devoting ourselves to Thy service, And by walking before Thee in holiness and righteousness all our days. AMEN.

*Then the Minister shall say :*

Let us pray.

O Lord shew Thy mercy upon us.

*And grant us Thy salvation.*

O God, make clean our hearts within us.

*And take not Thy holy Spirit from us.*

*Then shall follow these Collects to which the People  
shall respond :*

Let Thy *mercy* lighten upon us, as our *trust*  
is in Thee.

### **Morning Prayer.**

O Lord, our heavenly Father. Almighty and Everlasting God, who hast safely brought us to the beginning of this day; defend us in the same with Thy mighty power; and grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger; but that all our doings may be ordered by Thy governance, to do always that is righteous in Thy sight.

### **Evening Prayer**

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid; cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy holy name.

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O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed: Give unto Thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that both our hearts may be set to obey Thy commandments and also that by Thee we being defended from all faithless fear may pass our time in rest and quietness.

O God, the Creator and Preserver of all mankind : we humbly beseech Thee for all sorts and conditions of men : that Thou wouldest be pleased to make Thy ways known unto them, Thy saving health unto all nations. More especially we pray for the good estate of the Church of Christ : that it may be so guided and governed by Thy good spirit, that all who profess and call themselves Christians may be led into the way of truth, and hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life. Finally we commend to Thy fatherly goodness all those who are any ways afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate ; and that it may please Thee to comfort and relieve them according to their several necessities, giving them patience under their sufferings, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions.

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### Response.

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### The Lord's Prayer.

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First Lesson.—Hymn.—Second Lesson.—Prayer.  
Hymn.—Sermon.—Offertory.—Hymn.—Benediction.

## Hyymnal.

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1.

S 628.

**A** WAKE, my soul ! and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run :  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay the morning sacrifice.

All praise to Thee who safe hast kept,  
And hast refreshed me while I slept :  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless light partake.

Lord ! I my vows to Thee renew ;  
Scatter my sins as morning dew,  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day  
All I design, or do, or say,  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow :  
Praise Him all creatures here below !  
Praise Him ye heavenly host above !  
Praise Him, my soul ! for all His love.



**O** TIMELY happy, timely wise,  
 Hearts that with rising morn arise!  
 Eyes that the beam celestial view,  
 Which evermore makes all things new.

New every morning is the love  
 Our wakening and uprising prove;  
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
 Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,  
 Hover around us while we pray;  
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind  
 Be set to hallow all we find,  
 New treasures still, of countless price,  
 God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,  
 Will furnish all we need to ask;  
 Room to deny ourselves, a road  
 To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love  
 Fit us for perfect rest above;  
 And help us, this and every day,  
 To live more nearly as we pray.

**O** DAY of holy gladness,  
 O rest of wearied heart,  
 O comfort mid our sadness,  
 The day of days thou art.

Calm day of sacred leisure,  
Set free from din and haste :  
Sweet feast of purest pleasure  
Which humble souls may taste.

Blest day, when with their Father,  
The children, scattered wide,  
Beneath His roof-tree gather,  
And in His love abide.

A time for sweet communion  
With friends we fondly love :  
A fore-gleam of the union  
We seek in worlds above.

A day for prayer and singing  
In God our Father's name ;  
A time when souls upwinging  
Draw down the heavenly flame.

O day of holy gladness,  
O rest of wearied heart,  
O comfort mid our sadness,  
The day of days thou art !

4.

B 16.

COME to the house of prayer,  
O thou afflicted, come !  
The God of peace shall meet thee there,  
He makes that house His home.

Come to the house of praise,  
Ye who are happy now ;  
In sweet accord your voices raise,  
Your knees together bow.

Ye aged, hither come,  
For ye have felt His love ;  
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,  
Your lips forget to move.

Ye young before His throne  
Your cheerful anthems raise ;  
Nor let your hearts His praise disown,  
Who gives the power to praise.

Thou, whose benignant eye  
In mercy looks on all,  
Who see'st the tear of misery,  
And hear'st the mourner's call ;

Up to Thy dwelling-place  
Bear our frail spirits on,  
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,  
And heaven on earth be won.

5.

S 665

IT is the hour of prayer ;  
Draw near and bend the knee,  
And fill the calm and holy air  
With voice of melody !  
O'erwearied with the heat  
And burden of life's day,  
Now let us rest our wandering feet  
And gather here to pray.

The dark and deadly blight  
That walks at noontide hour,  
The midnight arrow's secret flight  
O'er us have had no power :

But smiles from loving eyes  
Have been around our way,  
And lips on which a blessing lies  
Have bidden us to pray.

O blessed is the hour  
That lifts our hearts on high !  
Like sunlight when the tempests lower,  
Prayer to the soul is nigh :  
Though dark may be our lot,  
Our eyes be dim with care,  
These saddening thoughts shall trouble not  
This holy hour of prayer.

6.

B 569.

FAR from mortal cares retreating,  
Sordid hopes, and fond desires,  
Here our willing footsteps meeting,  
Every heart to heaven aspires.  
From the fount of glory beaming  
Light celestial cheers our eyes ;  
Mercy from above proclaiming,  
Peace and pardon from the skies.

Who may share this great salvation ?  
Every pure and humble mind,  
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,  
From the dross of guilt refined :  
Blessings all around bestowing,  
God withholds His care from none ;  
Grace and mercy ever flowing  
From the fountain of His throne.

Every stain of guilt abhorring,  
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,  
Still Thy providence adoring,  
Faithful subjects to Thy laws,  
Lord ! with favour still attend us ;  
Bless us with Thy wondrous love ;  
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us :  
All our hope is from above.

7. S 83.

**Y**E nations round the earth, rejoice  
Before the Lord, your sovereign King ;  
Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice,  
With all your tongues His glory sing.

The Lord is God : 'tis He alone  
Doth life, and breath, and being give ;  
We are His work and not our own,  
The sheep that on His pasture live.

Enter His gates with songs of joy ;  
With praises to His courts repair ;  
And make it your divine employ  
To pay your thanks and honours there.

The Lord is good, the Lord is kind ;  
Great is His grace, His mercy sure ;  
And the whole race of man shall find  
His truth from age to age endure.

8. S 736.

**O** WORSHIP the King, all glorious above,  
O gratefully sing His power and His love ;  
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days,  
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

The earth with its store of wonders untold,  
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,  
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,  
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light ;  
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,  
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

O Measureless Might ! Ineffable Love !  
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,  
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,  
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

9.

B 181.

O H be joyful in the Lord,  
Every land beneath the sun :  
In His praise, with glad accord,  
Let all tongues and hearts be one :  
For our God is God alone,  
Whose we are, and not our own ;  
We His people are—the sheep  
He vouchsafes to rule and keep.

Come and join the joyous throng  
Who Jehovah's praise proclaim :  
In His courts, with grateful song,  
Speak the honours of His name.  
Rich His bounty to our race ;  
Inexhaustible His grace ;  
Ready to forgive and bless ;  
Ever sure His faithfulness.

**O** PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare a new song,  
 And let all His saints in full concert join :  
 With voices united the anthem prolong,  
 And show forth His honours in music divine.

Let praises to God our Maker ascend,  
 Let each grateful heart exult in its King ;  
 For God whom we worship our songs will attend,  
 And view with complaisance the offering we  
 bring.

Be joyful, ye saints, sustained by His might,  
 And let your glad songs awake with each morn,  
 For those who obey Him are still His delight,  
 His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.

Then praise ye the Lord, prepare a new song,  
 And let all His saints in full concert join ;  
 With voices united the anthem prolong,  
 And show forth His honours in music divine.

**O** MY soul, lift up thy voice,  
 Sing, and evermore rejoice :  
 Make the Living God thy choice :  
 Alleluia ! Alleluia.

Let the voice of praise resound  
 To Creation's utmost bound :  
 Spread His glory far around :  
 Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Who is great like God our King !  
Let the world glad offerings bring :  
Sons of men His praises sing :  
Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Kind and merciful is He ;  
Lord of all Eternity ;  
Full of grace ; to access free ;  
Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Far as angel wing can fly  
Lift the voice of praise on high !  
Sing until the Heavens reply,  
Alleluia ! Alleluia !

12.

S 667.

STAND up and bless the Lord ;  
Let young and old rejoice :  
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,  
With heart, and soul, and voice.

Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessing high,  
Who would not fear His holy name,  
And laud and magnify ?

O for the living flame  
From His own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,  
And wing to heaven our thought !

There with benign regard  
Our hymns He deigns to hear ;  
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,  
The spirit feels Him near.



Stand up and bless the Lord ;  
The Lord your God adore ;  
Stand up and bless His glorious name  
Henceforth for evermore.

13.†

A 303.

THE bells of earth are ringing ;  
The Hosts of Heaven are singing :  
Draw near and praise the Lord !  
Bow down before His throne,  
Who reigneth, God alone,  
By all the earth adored.

Ye sons of men revere Him ;  
Ye children bless and fear Him,  
In whom we live and move.  
His glory far proclaim ;  
Extol His holy name ;  
Adore the Lord of Love !

From humble hearts and lowly,  
From souls serene and holy,  
Let grateful songs ascend :  
Our blessed Help is He  
From all eternity ;  
Our Father and our Friend.

His arm of strength enfolds us ;  
His tender hand upholds us :  
We are our Shepherd's care !  
The Vale of Death we tread,  
Secure from ill or dread,  
For He is with us there.

Come then with all Creation,  
In holy exultation,  
And magnify the Lord.  
Bow down before His throne  
Who reigneth God alone,  
By all the earth adored.

14.

B 16.

**O** BLESS the Lord, my soul!  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless His name  
Whose favours are divine.

O bless the Lord, my soul!  
Nor let His mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.

'Tis He forgives thy sins ;  
'Tis He relieves thy pain ;  
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,  
And makes thee young again.

He fills the poor with good ;  
He gives the sufferers rest :  
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,  
And justice for the oppressed.

Then ye that do His will  
In earth or heaven above,  
His wonders tell ; and thou, my soul  
For ever bless His love !

**H**ARK ! hark ! the organ loudly peals,  
Our thankful hearts inviting  
To sing our great Creator's praise,  
Both young and old uniting !  
Ye heavens and earth rejoice !  
And every heart and voice  
Your joyous strains upraise  
In notes of endless praise  
Before His throne for ever ! for ever !

Hark ! hark ! the organ loudly peals,  
Our thankful hearts inviting  
To sing the Heavenly Father's praise,  
Both young and old uniting !  
Who holds us in His love,  
And lifts our souls above,  
That we from earth may rise  
To realms beyond the skies,  
And live with Him for ever ! for ever !

Hark ! hark ! the organ loudly peals,  
Our thankful hearts inviting  
To high upraise our songs of praise,  
Both earth and heaven uniting !  
To God, the Holy One,  
Be now our song begun,  
Till, soaring higher and higher,  
We join the heavenly choir,  
Before His throne for ever ! for ever !

16

**C**OME, sing ye mortals sing,  
 The praise of God most high :  
 Your heartfelt offerings bring  
 And speed them to the sky !  
 Let heart and soul, let mind and voice  
 In gladsome songs of praise rejoice !

His kingdom hath no end,  
 Unsearchable and great,  
 Yet doth He condescend  
 To men of low estate :  
 And He, our God, the Lord of all,  
 Still holds our footsteps lest we fall !

Though great His mighty power,  
 Yet greater is His love ;  
 And thus from hour to hour  
 His mercies endless prove.  
 On good and ill His sun doth shine,  
 Fit emblem of His grace divine !

Great God, for ever near !  
 With grace our spirits fill,  
 That we with godly fear  
 May do Thy bidding still :  
 And by our glad obedience prove  
 That we have known Thy saving love !

17.

B 207.

**I**N Thy name, O Lord, assembling,  
 We, Thy people, now draw near ;  
 Teach us to rejoice with trembling ;  
 Speak and let Thy servants hear,

Hear with meekness,  
Hear Thy word with godly fear.

While our days on earth are lengthened,  
May we give them, Lord, to Thee ;  
Cheered by hope and daily strengthened,  
May we run, nor weary be ;  
Till Thy glory  
Without clouds in heaven we see.

18.

B 605.

**F**ORTH from the dark and stormy sky,  
Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly :  
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,  
Father, we seek Thy shelter here :  
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray :  
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away !

Long have we roamed in want and pain ;  
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain ;  
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,  
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed :  
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay ;  
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away !

19. †

S716.

**P**ILGRIMS on life's journey speeding  
Lord, we rest awhile with Thee :  
Some with sorrow faint and bleeding,  
All Thy peace and pardon needing,  
Waiting all Thy face to see !

On our lowly hearts descending  
Let Thy tender greeting fall :  
Peace all earthly peace transcending,  
Joy divine and love unending,  
Grant us when on Thee we call.

Thou, O Lord, dost never leave us,  
Though we oft are dull and blind :  
Earthly hopes and joys deceive us,  
Earthly friends grow cold and grieve us,  
Thou alone art ever kind.

Grant us on our journey faring,  
Constant visions of Thy grace :  
Mid our weakness still forbearing,  
Of Thy bounty still unsparing,  
Circling all in sure embrace!

Lord ! the hours are swiftly flying,  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease !  
Speed us onward, glad or sighing,  
Guide us living, cheer us dying,  
Hushed in Thy eternal peace.

20.

M 21.

**L**O, God is here! let us adore,  
And own how awful is this place ;  
Let all within us feel His power,  
And silent bow before His face.

Lo, God is here ! Him, day and night,  
United choirs of angels sing :  
To Him, enthroned above all height,  
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.

Being of beings! may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful incense fill;  
Still may we stand before Thy face;  
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will.

21.

M 129.

**A** GAIN, as evening's shadow falls,  
We gather in these hallowed walls;  
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer  
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release  
Here find the rest of God's own peace;  
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,  
Lay down the burden and the care.

O God our Light! to Thee we bow;  
Within all shadows standest Thou:  
Give deeper calm than night can bring;  
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,  
We cannot at the shrine remain;  
But, in the spirit's secret cell,  
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

22. †

S 394.

**L** IGH T of Life, through shadows stealing,  
On our darkness shine:  
Show Thyself in sweet revealing,  
Father Divine!

Not far heaven's bright mansions only  
Does Thy glory fill,  
But in hearts, bowed down and lonely,  
Thou lingerest still.

Patient love of tenderest mother ;  
Father's constancy ;  
Bond of faithful friend and brother,—  
All are of Thee !

Prayer of saint, and seer's discerning ;  
Martyr's conquering death ;  
Prophet-voice with accents burning.—  
These are Thy breath !

Let not earth and earthly duty  
Hide Thy holy grace :  
But in life's transfigured beauty  
Unveil Thy face !

Love Divine ; O Heavenly Kindness !  
Now our hearts restore !  
Light of Life, upon our blindness  
Shine evermore !

23.

B 632.

FATHER, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling,  
Fain would our souls feel all Thy kindling  
love ;  
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing  
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from  
above.



Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt  
and sorrow,  
And Thou hast made each step an onward  
one ;  
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow,—  
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy  
Abides; and when pain seems to have its will,  
Or we despair, oh may that peace rise slowly,  
Stronger than agony, and we be still.

Now, Father, now, in Thy dear presence kneeling,  
Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love :  
Now make us strong, we need Thy deep revealing  
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from  
above.

24.

B 29.

O GOD, unseen, but ever near,  
Our blessed rest art Thou ;  
And we, in love that hath no fear,  
Take refuge with Thee now.

All soiled with dust our pilgrim feet,  
And weary with the way,  
We seek Thy shelter from the heat  
And burden of life's day.

O, welcome in the wilderness  
The shadow of Thy love ;  
The stream that springs our thirst to bless,  
The manna from above.

Awhile beside the fount we stay,  
And eat this bread of Thine,  
Then go rejoicing on our way,  
Renewed with strength divine.

25.

M 129.

U NTO Thy temple, Lord, we come  
With thankful hearts to worship Thee;  
And pray that this may be our home  
Until we touch eternity:—

The common home of rich and poor,  
Of bond and free, and great and small;  
Large as Thy love for evermore,  
And warm and bright and good to all.

And dwell Thou with us in this place,  
Thou and Thy Christ, to guide and bless;  
Here make the well-springs of Thy grace  
Like fountains in the wilderness.

May Thy whole truth be spoken here;  
Thy gospel light for ever shine;  
Thy perfect love cast out all fear,  
And human life become divine.

26. †

B 189.

O THOU who art, above all thought,  
Above all vision, high,  
How can we praise Thee as we ought,  
And magnify!

We turn to Thee in joy and pain ;  
We need Thee every hour ;  
Yet all our language is in vain  
To speak Thy power !

In broken gleams we catch the glow  
Of perfect Light above :  
But this, at least, we surely know—  
That Thou art Love !

More kind than tenderest mother's care  
Thy tenderness we see :  
More steadfast than the planets are,  
Thy constancy !

In all life's solemn mysteries  
Our hearts Thy presence tell,  
And own our highest wisdom is  
To love Thee well !

It is enough ! In faith we wait,  
In our appointed place,  
Until, with deathless joy elate,  
We see Thy face !

27.

B 190.

O GOD ! beyond that boundless sea,  
Above that dome of sky,  
Farther than thought itself can flee,  
Thy dwelling is on high :  
Yet dear the awful thought to me,  
That Thou, my God ! art nigh.

Thou'rt nigh, and yet my labouring mind  
Feels after Thee in vain :  
Thy herald is the stormy wind,  
Thy path the watery plain :  
But Thee in tempests who can find,  
Or in the trackless main ?

We hear Thy voice when thunders roll  
Through the wide fields of air :  
The waves obey Thy dread control ;  
Yet still Thou art not there.  
Where shall I find Him, O my soul !  
Who yet is everywhere ?

Oh not in circling depth or height,  
But in the conscious breast,  
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,  
There does His Spirit rest.  
Oh come, Thou Presence infinite !  
And make Thy creature blest.

28.

S 621.

**O** THOU to whom, in ancient time,  
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,  
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,  
And prophets praised with glowing tongue !

Not now on Zion's height alone  
The favoured worshipper may dwell,  
Nor where, at sultry noon, Thy Son  
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies  
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,  
The incense of the heart, may rise  
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

To Thee shall age, with snowy hair,  
And strength and beauty, bend the knee,  
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,  
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

O Thou to whom, in ancient time,  
The lyre of prophet bards was strung !  
To Thee, at last, in every clime  
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

29.

S 715.

**H**OLY, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !  
Evening and morning our song shall rise  
to Thee :

Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and mighty !  
Thine is the kingdom ; Thine the Majesty !

Holy, holy, holy, all the Saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the  
glassy sea ;

**C**herubim and Seraphim falling down before  
Thee,

Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy, though the darkness hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may  
not see,

**O**nly Thou art holy ; there is none beside Thee  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !  
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth,  
and sky, and sea :  
Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and mighty !  
Thine is the Glory ; Thine the Majesty !

30.

S 626.

**B**OTH heaven and earth do worship Thee.  
Thou Father of eternity !  
With splendour from Thy glory spread,  
Are heaven and earth replenishèd.

To Thee all angels loudly cry,  
The heavens and all the powers on high :  
'The apostles' glorious company,  
'The prophets' fellowship praise Thee.

The noble and victorious host  
Of martyrs make of Thee their boast :  
The holy church, in every place,  
Throughout the earth exalts Thy praise.

From day to day, O Lord, do we  
Highly exalt and honour Thee :  
Thy name we worship and adore,  
World without end for evermore.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,  
To keep us safe from sin this day :  
O Lord have mercy on us all ;—  
Have mercy on us when we call !

O GOD! we praise Thee, and confess  
 That Thou the only Lord  
 And everlasting Father art,  
 By all the earth adored.

To Thee all angels cry aloud ;  
 To thee the powers on high,  
 Both cherubim and seraphim,  
 Continually do cry ;

O holy, holy, holy Lord,  
 Whom heavenly hosts obey,  
 The world is with the glory filled  
 Of Thy majestic sway.

The apostles' glorious company,  
 And prophets crowned with light,  
 With all the martyrs' noble host,  
 Thy constant praise recite.

The holy church throughout the world,  
 O Lord, confesses Thee,  
 That Thou the eternal Father art,  
 Of boundless majesty.

PRAISES never ending  
 Sing the spirits blest,  
 In the many mansions  
 Of the land of rest.

‘Holy! holy! holy!  
Lord of Hosts,’ they cry;  
‘Blessing, glory, honour,  
Be to God most high!’

Oh, to share the beauty,  
Of that shining throng!  
Oh, to blend our voices  
In that angel song!

Father, heavenly Father,  
In these earthly days  
Teach our hearts the music  
Of immortal praise:—

Lives of grace and goodness,  
True and wise and kind;  
Faithfulness in duty,  
Purity of mind:—

Till we reach the city  
Where Thy saints adore,  
And in light eternal  
Praise Thee evermore.

33.

S 699

FOR the beauty of the earth,  
For the glory of the skies,  
For the love which from our birth  
Over and around us lies,  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This our grateful hymn of praise.



For the wonder of each hour  
Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
Sun and moon, and stars of light,  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For the joy of ear and eye,  
For the heart and mind's delight,  
For the mystic harmony.  
Linking sense to sound and sight,  
Father, unto Thee we raise  
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For the joy of human love,  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth and friends above,  
Pleasures pure and undefiled,  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For each perfect gift of Thine  
To our race so freely given,  
Graces human and divine,  
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven,  
Father, unto Thee we raise  
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For Thy Church that evermore .  
Lifteth holy hands above,  
Offering up on every shore  
Its pure sacrifice of love,  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise,  
This our grateful hymn of praise.

THY glory, Lord, flames in the light;  
Thy beauty beams in every hue:  
In golden day and star-lit night,  
We see Thy presence shining through.

And when sweet music thrills the air,  
In swelling tides of mystic song,  
Thy voice we hear, Thy joy we share,  
And on the stream are swept along!

Ah! what a gift is this of Thine!  
The pulsing wave of quivering sound,  
That syllables Thy word divine  
And speeds its accents far around!

In crashing chords the anthem peals,  
To nerve our souls for conflict stern,  
Or, breathed in whispered pleading, steals  
To bid the wandering feet return!

It tunes our thoughts to harmony,  
It stills our hearts in holy fear;  
We bend before Thee silently . . .  
Speak, Lord! and let Thy servants hear.

WHAT shall we ask of God in prayer?  
Whatever good we want;  
Whatever man may seek to share,  
Or God in wisdom grant.

Father of all our mercies,—Thou  
In whom we move and live!  
Hear us in heaven, Thy dwelling, now,  
And answer, and forgive.

When harassed by ten thousand foes,  
Our helplessness we feel;  
O give the weary soul repose,  
The wounded spirit heal.

When dire temptations gather round,  
And threaten or allure,  
By storm or calm, in Thee is found  
A refuge strong and sure.

When age advances, may we grow  
In faith, and hope, and love;  
And walk in holiness below  
To holiness above.

When earthly joys and cares depart,  
Desire and envy cease,  
Be Thou the portion of our heart;  
In Thee may we have peace.

36.

S 684.

THEY who seek the throne of grace  
Find that throne in every place,  
If we live a life of prayer,  
God is present everywhere.

In our sickness or our health,  
In our want or in our wealth,  
If we look to God in prayer,  
God is present everywhere.

When our earthly comforts fail,  
When the foes of life prevail,  
'Tis the time for earnest prayer ;  
God is present everywhere.

Then, my soul, in every strait  
To thy Father come, and wait ;  
He will answer every prayer ;  
God is present everywhere.

37.

S 656.

FATHER in heaven ! to whom my heart  
Would lift itself in prayer,  
Drive from my soul each earthly thought,  
And show Thy presence there.

Each moment of my life renews  
The mercies of the Lord ;  
Each moment is itself a gift,  
To bear me on to God.

Help me to break the galling chains  
This world has round me thrown ;  
Each passion of my heart subdue,  
Each darling sin disown.

And do Thou kindle in my breast  
A never-dying flame  
Of holy love, of grateful trust  
In Thine Almighty name.

ALMIGHTY God! in humble prayer  
 To Thee our souls we lift;  
 Do Thou our waiting minds prepare  
 For Thy most needful gift.

We ask not golden streams of wealth  
 Along our path to flow;  
 We ask not undecaying health,  
 Nor length of years below.

We ask not honours, which an hour  
 May bring and take away;  
 We ask not pleasures, pomp and power  
 Lest we should go astray.

We ask for wisdom;—Lord! impart  
 The knowledge how to live;  
 A wise and understanding heart  
 To all before Thee give:

The young remember Thee in youth,  
 Before the evil days!  
 The old be guided by Thy truth  
 In wisdom's pleasant ways!

LORD God Almighty! Hope of endless ages!  
 Quest of all saints, all prophets, seers and  
 sages!  
 Refuge and Comforter, while the tempest rages!  
 Grant us Thy succour.

Grant us Thy Strength when foes are thick  
around us :  
Grant us Thy Peace when earthly ills have  
bound us :  
Grant us Thy Grace when sin and death con-  
found us :

Lord God Almighty !

Send forth Thy Light when shadows are about  
Thee :  
Send forth Thy Love when sorrows bid us doubt  
Thee :  
Send forth Thy Life ! we perish, Lord, without  
Thee :

Hear us, Almighty.

Father Eternal ! God of our salvation !  
Bourne of our spirits' holiest aspiration !  
Hear now Thy children's lowly supplication,  
Lord God Almighty !

40.

B 374.

**L**ORD, teach us how to pray aright,  
With reverence and with fear ;  
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,  
We may, we *must* draw near.

We perish, if we cease from prayer ;  
O grant us power to pray :  
And when to meet Thee we prepare,  
Lord, meet us by the way.

Sad with the shame of conscious sin,  
In weakness, want, and woe,  
Fightings without and fears within,  
Lord, whither shall we go?

God of all grace! we come to Thee  
With broken, contrite hearts;  
Give what Thine eye delights to see,  
Truth in the inward parts:—

Give deep humility,—the sense  
Of godly sorrow give,—  
A strong, desiring confidence  
To hear Thy voice, and live:—

Patience to watch, to wait, and weep,  
Until Thine own good day:—  
Courage our fainting souls to keep,  
And trust Thee though Thou slay.

41.

S 632.

**O** GOD of ages, by whose hand,  
Thy people still are fed;  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led!

Our vows, our prayers we now present  
Before Thy throne of grace;  
God of our Fathers! be the God  
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide;  
Give us by day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our feet arrive in peace.

Now with the humble voice of prayer  
Thy mercy we implore;  
Then with the grateful voice of praise  
Thy goodness we'll adore.

42.

S 687.

FATHER! at Thy footstool see  
Those who now are one in Thee!  
Each to each unite, and bless;  
Keep us in Thy perfect peace.

Plant in us the humble mind,  
Patient, pitiful, and kind;  
Meek and lowly let us be,  
Full of goodness, full of Thee.

Lord of our supreme desire!  
Fill us now with heavenly fire;  
Nobly may we bear the strife,—  
Keep the holiness of life;

Still forget the things behind,—  
Follow Christ in heart and mind;  
To the mark unwearied press,—  
Seize the crown of righteousness.

Father! fill us with Thy love;  
Never from our souls remove;  
Dwell with us and we shall be  
Thine through all eternity.



43.

S 652.

**W**HILE Thee I seek, protecting power,  
Be my vain wishes stilled ;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the powers of thought bestowed ;  
To Thee my thoughts would soar :  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;  
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see !  
Each blessing to my soul more dear  
Because conferred by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favoured hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;  
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet Thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The lowering storm shall see ;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;  
That heart will rest on Thee.

44.

S 647.

**S**HINE on our souls, eternal God !  
With rays of beauty shine ;  
O let Thy favour crown our days,  
And all their round be Thine.

Did we not raise our hands to Thee,  
Our hands might toil in vain ;  
Small joy success itself can give,  
If Thou Thy love restrain.

With Thee let every week begin ;  
With Thee each day be spent ;  
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,  
Since each by Thee is lent.

Thus cheer us through the desert road,  
Till all our labours cease,  
And heaven refresh our weary souls  
With everlasting peace.

45.

B 31.

**E**ARLY, my God, without delay,  
I haste to seek Thy face ;  
My thirsty spirit faints away  
Without Thy cheering grace.

So pilgrims on the scorching sand,  
Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
And they must drink or die.

I've seen Thy glory and Thy power  
Through all Thy temple shine ;  
My God ! repeat that heavenly hour,  
That vision so divine !

Not life itself, with all her joys,  
Can my best passions move,  
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
As Thy forgiving love.

Thus, till my last expiring day,  
I'll bless my God and King ;  
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing.

46.

B 115.

IN the midst do Thou appear—  
Lord ! reveal Thy presence here.  
Sanctify us now, and bless ;  
Breathe Thy spirit, give Thy peace.

While we walk with God in light,  
God our hearts doth still unite ;  
Sweetly each with each combined,  
In the bonds of duty joined.

Father ! still our faith increase ;  
Cleanse from all unrighteousness :  
Thee the unholy cannot see ;  
Make, oh make us meet for Thee.

Mutual love the token be,  
Lord ! that we belong to Thee ;  
Only love to us be given,  
Lord ! we ask no other heaven.

47.

B 368

WHAT secret hand, at morning light,  
By stealth unseals mine eye,  
Draws back the curtain of the night,  
And opens earth and sky ?

'Tis Thine, my God !— the same that kept  
My resting hours from harm :  
No ill came nigh me, for I slept  
Beneath the Almighty's arm.

'Tis Thine,—my daily bread that brings,  
Like manna scattered round,  
And clothes me, as the lily springs  
In beauty from the ground.

This is the hand that shaped my frame,  
And gave my pulse to beat ;  
That bare me oft through flood and flame,  
Through tempest, cold, and heat.

In death's dark valley though I stray,  
'Twould there my steps attend.  
Guide with the staff my lonely way,  
And with the rod defend.

May that dear hand uphold me still  
Through life's uncertain race,  
To bring me to Thy holy hill,  
And to Thy dwelling-place.

48.

B 29.

**S**PEAK with us, Lord ! Thyself reveal,  
While here on earth we rove ;  
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel  
The kindling of Thy love.

With Thee conversing, we forget  
All time, and toil, and care :  
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,  
If Thou, my God, art here.

Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,  
And bid my heart rejoice ;  
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,  
And echo to Thy voice.

Thou callest me to seek Thy face ;  
'Tis all I wish to seek ;  
To attend the whispers of Thy grace,  
And hear Thee inly speak.

49. †

A 469-2nd.

FATHER! Thy dear name we own ;  
Low we bend before Thy throne :  
Seek all things in Thee alone :—  
Help us, Lord most holy !

Helpless by ourselves are we :  
Only in Thy light we see :  
Strength we only find in Thee :—  
Help us, Lord most holy !

Giver of all good Thou art :  
O ! renew each fainting heart :  
Give us in Thy love a part :—  
Help us, Lord most holy !

Kindle in our souls a flame,  
Burning out all sin and shame !  
Glorify in us Thy name !—  
Help us, Lord most holy !

More than all, O Lord above,  
Doubt and fear from us remove !  
Fill our hearts with Thy dear love :—  
Help us, Lord most holy !

**O** LORD ! our languid souls inspire,  
 For here we feel Thou art !  
 Send down a beam of heavenly fire,  
 To warm each waiting heart.

Great Shepherd of Thy people ! hear ;  
 Thy presence now display ;  
 As Thou hast given a place for prayer,  
 So give us hearts to pray.

Within these walls let holy peace,  
 And love and concord dwell ;  
 Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
 The wounded spirit heal.

The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
 The humbled mind, bestow ;  
 And shine upon us from on high  
 To make our graces grow.

May we in faith receive Thy word,  
 In faith present our prayers,  
 And in the presence of our Lord  
 Unbosom all our cares.

**C**OME, let us to the Lord our God  
 With contrite hearts return :  
 Our God is gracious, nor will leave  
 The desolate to mourn.

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,  
Shall know Him and rejoice ;  
His coming like the morn shall be,  
Like morning songs His voice.

As dew upon the tender herb,  
Diffusing fragrance round,  
As showers that usher in the spring,  
And cheer the thirsty ground,

So shall His presence bless our souls ;  
And shed a joyful light :  
That hallowed morn shall chase away  
The sorrows of the night.

52. †

B 632.

**S**PEAK to me, Lord ! Thy word of consolation  
Steals like sweet dew to freshen every hour :  
Speak, I implore, a message of salvation  
To shield my heart from keen temptation's power.

Thou art my life, my strength ! Good Lord,  
remember

How weak I am, how prone to faint and fall !—  
When Love burns low, breathe on each dying  
ember,  
And with Thy breath its fervent glow recall.

Thou art my hope ! how could I reach Thy  
heaven

If Thou no helping hand did'st lay on me ?  
Thy mercy oft my wanderings has forgiven :  
Forgive once more, and bid me live in Thee !

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee;  
    Its tumult, toil, and care;  
Oh may I find 'Thy peace and rest  
    In this still hour of prayer.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
    With praise and prayer agree;  
And seem by 'Thy sweet bounty made  
    For those who follow Thee.

There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,  
    And grace her mean abode;  
Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,  
    She communes with her God!

There, like the nightingale, she pours  
    Her solitary lays;  
Nor asks a witness of her song,  
    Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life!  
    Sweet source of light divine!  
And, all harmonious names in one,  
    My Father—Thou art mine!

What thanks I owe Thee! and what love,  
    A boundless, endless store,  
Shall echo through the realms above,  
    When time shall be no more.



‘**T**HUS shalt thou love the Almighty Lord,—  
 With all thy heart, and soul, and mind!’  
 So speaks to man that sacred word,  
 For counsel and reproof designed.

‘With all thy heart;’ each idol thing,  
 To God must all the sway resign,  
 Nor o’er thy breast a shadow fling,  
 To darken that pure love of thine.

‘With all thy mind;’ each varied power,  
 Creative fancy, musings high,  
 And thoughts that glance behind, before,  
 These must religion sanctify.

‘With soul and strength;’ thy days of ease,  
 While vigour nerves each youthful limb,  
 And hope, and joy, and health, and peace,—  
 All must be freely brought to Him.

○ Power supreme, in whom we move!  
 Vouchsafe Thy servants, in their day,  
 The mind to adore, the heart to love,  
 And strength to serve Thee while they may.

**N**EARER my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!  
 E’en though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me;

Still all my song shall be—  
Nearer my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

Though like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly!  
Still all my song shall be,—  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

**M**ORE love to Thee, my God!  
More love to Thee!  
Hear Thou the prayer I make  
On bended knee;  
This is my earnest plea --  
More love, my God, to Thee!  
More love to Thee!

Once earthly joy I craved,  
Sought peace and rest:  
Now Thee alone I seek!  
Give what is best.  
This all my prayer shall be—  
More love, my God, to Thee!  
More love to Thee!

Let sorrow do its work,  
Send grief and pain;  
Sweet are Thy messengers,  
Sweet their refrain,  
When they can sing with me—  
More love, my God, to Thee!  
More love to Thee!

Then shall my latest breath  
Whisper Thy praise;  
This be the parting cry  
My heart shall raise—  
This still its prayer shall be—  
More love, my God, to Thee!  
More love to Thee!

ONE thought I have, my ample creed,  
 So deep it is and broad,  
 And equal to my every need—  
 It is the thought of God.

Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,  
 I feast at life's full board ;  
 And rising in my inner skies  
 Shines forth the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer ;  
 I drop my daily load,  
 And every care is pillowed there  
 Upon the thought of God.

I ask not far before to see,  
 But take in trust my road ;  
 Life, death, and immortality  
 Are in my thought of God.

To this their secret strength they owed  
 The martyr's path who trod ;  
 The fountains of their patience flowed  
 From out their thought of God.

Be still the light upon my way,  
 My pilgrim staff and rod.  
 My rest by night, my strength by day,  
 Oh blessed thought of God.

THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,  
 A shoreless, soundless sea,  
 Wherein at last our souls must fall,—  
 O love of God most free !

When over dizzy heights we go,  
One soft hand blinds our eyes,  
The other leads us safe and slow,—  
O Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from Thy face,  
And wander wide and long,  
Thou hold'st us still in Thy embrace,—  
O Love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,  
The toil-worn frame and mind,  
Alike confess Thy sweet control,—  
O Love of God most kind!

And filled and quickened by Thy breath,  
Our souls are strong and free,  
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,  
O Love of God to Thee!

59.

S 617

ONE Lord there is, all lords above,—  
His name is Truth, His name is Love,  
His name is Beauty, it is Light,  
His will is Everlasting Right.

But ah! to wrong what is His name!  
This Lord is a Consuming Flame  
To every wrong beneath the sun:  
He is One Lord, the Holy One.

Lord of the Everlasting Name,  
Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming Flame!  
Shall I not lift my heart to Thee,  
And ask Thee, Lord, to rule in me?

If I be ruled in other wise,  
My lot is cast with all that dies,  
With things that harm and things that hate,  
And roam by night, and miss the Gate,—

Thy happy Gate, which leads us where  
Love is like sunshine in the air,  
And Love and Law are both the same,  
Named with the Everlasting Name.

60.

M 88.

GREATEST of beings! Source of life!  
Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea!  
All nature feels Thy power, and all  
A silent homage pays to Thee.

Children, whose little minds, unformed,  
Ne'er raised a tender thought to heaven;  
And men, whom reason lifts to God,  
Though oft by passion downward driven;

Those too who bend with age and care,  
And faint and tremble near the tomb,  
Who, sickening at the present scenes,  
Sigh for that better state to come;

All, great Creator! all are Thine;  
All feel Thy providential care;  
And through each varying stage of life,  
Alike Thy constant pity share.

And whether grief oppress the heart,  
Or whether joy elate the breast;  
Or life still keep its little course,  
Or death invite the heart to rest;

All are Thy messengers ; and all  
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord ! obey :  
And all are training man to dwell  
Nearer to bliss, and nearer Thee.

61.

B 550.

**G**OD is love : His mercy brightens  
All the path in which we rove ;  
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens ;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

Time and change are busy ever ;  
Man decays, and ages move ;  
But His mercy waneth never ;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

**E**ven the hour that darkest seemeth  
Will His changeless goodness prove ;  
From the mist His brightness streameth ;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth  
Hope and comfort from above ;  
Everywhere His glory shineth ;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

62.

S 150.

**T**HE Lord,—how fearful is His name !  
How wide is His command !  
Nature, with all her moving frame,  
Rests on His mighty hand.

A word of His almighty breath  
Can swell or sink the seas ;  
Build the vast empires of the earth,  
Or break them, if He please.

On angels, with unveiled face,  
His glory beams above ;  
On man, He looks with softest grace,  
And takes His title, Love.

Now let the Lord for ever reign,  
And sway us as He will ;  
Sick or in health, in ease or pain,  
We are His children still.

No more let peevish passion rise,  
The tongue no more complain ;  
'Tis sovereign love that lends our joys,  
And love resumes again.

63.

S 617.

**O** GOD, in whom we live and move !  
Thy love is law, Thy law is love ;  
Thy present Spirit waits to fill  
The soul which comes to do Thy will.

Unto Thy children's spirits teach  
Thy love, beyond the power of speech ;  
And make them know, with joyful awe,  
The encircling presence of Thy law.

That law doth give to Truth and Right,  
Howe'er despised, a conquering might,  
And makes each fondly worshipped lie,  
And boasting wrong, to cower and die.



Its patient working doth fulfil  
Man's hope, and God's all-perfect will ;  
Nor suffers one true word or thought  
Or deed of love, to come to nought.

Such faith, O God ! our spirits fill,  
That we may work in patience still ;  
Who works for justice, works with Thee,  
Who works in love, Thy child shall be.

64.

S 645.

**N**OW let us see Thy beauty, Lord,  
As we have seen before,  
And by Thy beauty quicken us  
To love Thee and adore.

'Tis easy when with simple mind  
Thy loveliness we see,  
To consecrate ourselves afresh  
To duty and to Thee.

**O**ur every feverish mood is cooled,  
And gone is every load,  
When we can lose the love of self,  
And find the love of God.

'Tis by Thy loveliness we're won  
To home and Thee again ;  
And as we are Thy children true,  
We are more truly men.

**L**ord, it is coming to ourselves  
When thus we come to Thee,  
The bondage of Thy loveliness  
Is perfect liberty.

So now we come to ask again,  
What Thou hast often given,  
The vision of that loveliness  
Which is the life of heaven.

65. †

B 204.

GOD is Light! in awful splendour  
Age by age His truth grows clear;  
God is Love! His mercies tender  
Hour by hour more kind appear.

God is Light; no darkness saddens  
With its woe the peace divine;  
Heaven He fills and earth He gladdens;  
Evermore His glories shine.

God is Love; He ever careth  
For the feeblest child of dust;  
As a Father still He spareth  
All who in His mercy trust.

Light and Love, divinely blending;  
So His face shines through the spheres;  
Life eternal, peace unending—  
Thus His truth to man appears.

66.

S 373.

THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I  
know;  
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest:  
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,  
Restores me when wandering, redeems when  
oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death though  
I stray,

Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear ;  
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay ;  
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread !  
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth  
o'er !

With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head :  
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more ?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,  
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above :  
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,  
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy king-  
dom of love.

67.

S 684.

**L**O! my Shepherd's hand divine !  
Want shall never more be mine ;  
In a pasture fair and large  
He shall feed His happy charge.

When I faint with summer's heat,  
He shall lead my weary feet  
To the streams that still and slow,  
Through the verdant meadows flow.

He my soul anew shall frame ;  
And His mercy to proclaim,  
When through devious paths I stray,  
Teach my steps the better way.

Though the dreary vale I tread,  
By the shades of death o'erspread,  
There I walk, from terror free,  
Still protected, Lord, by Thee.

68.

M 49.

THE Lord my Shepherd is ;  
I shall be well supplied ;  
Since He is mine and I am His,  
What can I want beside ?

He leads me to the place  
Where heavenly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.

Though from His fold I stray,  
He doth my steps restore,  
And guides me in His own right way  
That I may err no more.

While He affords His aid,  
I cannot yield to fear ;  
Though I should walk through death's dark  
shade,  
My Shepherd's with me there.

69.

B 367.

WE bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,  
Deep as the unfathomed sea,  
Which falls like sunshine on the road  
Of those who trust in Thee.

We ask not, Father, for repose  
Which comes from outward rest,  
If we may have through all life's woes  
Thy peace within our breast ;

That peace which suffers and is strong,  
Trusts where it cannot see,  
Deems not the trial-way too long,  
But leaves the end with Thee ;

That peace which flows serene and deep,  
A river in the soul,  
Whose banks a living verdure keep,  
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

O Father, give our hearts this peace,  
Whate'er may outward be,  
Till all life's discipline shall cease,  
And we go home to Thee.

70.

B 356

HOW gentle God's commands,  
How kind His precepts are !  
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
And trust His tender care !

While Providence supports,  
Let saints securely dwell :  
That hand, which bears all nature up,  
Shall guide His children well.

Why should the anxious load  
Press down your weary mind ?  
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,  
And sweet refreshment find.

E

His goodness stands approved  
Down to the present day :  
I'll drop my burden at His feet  
And bear a song away.

71.

S 697.

LEAD us with Thy gentle sway,  
As a willing child is led ;  
Speed us on our forward way,  
As a pilgrim, Lord, is sped,  
Who with prayer and helps divine  
Seeks a consecrated shrine.

We are pilgrims, and our goal  
Is that distant land whose bourn  
Is the haven of the soul ;  
Where the mourners cease to mourn,  
Where the Father's hand will dry  
Every tear from every eye.

Lead us thither ; Thou dost know  
All the way ; but wanderers we  
Often miss our path below  
And stretch out our hands to Thee :  
Guide us—save us—and prepare  
Our appointed mansion there.

72.

S 694.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,  
Make me teachable and mild ;  
Upright, simple, free from art,  
Make me as a weanèd child ;  
From distrust and envy free,  
Pleased with all that pleaseth Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,  
Let me as a child receive ;  
What to-morrow may betide,  
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave :  
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care ;  
Why should I the burden bear ?

As a little child relies  
On a care beyond his own ;  
Knows he's neither strong nor wise ;  
Fears to stir a step alone ;  
Let me thus with Thee abide,  
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

73.

MY God, my Father, while I stray  
Far from my home in life's rough way,  
O teach me from my heart to say  
‘Thy will be done.’

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not,  
But breathe the prayer divinely taught—  
‘Thy will be done.’

If Thou should'st call me to resign  
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine—  
I only yield Thee what is Thine :  
‘Thy will be done.’

Renew my will from day to day ;  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say  
‘Thy will be done.’

And when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore—  
‘Thy will be done.’

74.

B 368

ONE prayer I have—all prayers in one,  
When I am wholly Thine ;—  
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,  
And let that will be mine.

All wise, Almighty, and all-good!  
In Thee I firmly trust ;  
Thy ways, unknown or understood,  
Are merciful and just.

Is life with many comforts crowned,  
Upheld in peace and health,  
With dear affections twined around ?  
Lord ! in my time of wealth,

May I remember that to Thee  
Whate'er I have I owe ;  
And back in gratitude from me  
May all Thy bounties flow.

Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,  
When used as talents lent ;  
Those talents only well employed,  
When in Thy service spent.

And though Thy wisdom takes away,  
Shall I arraign Thy will ?  
No ! let me bless Thy name, and say,  
‘The Lord is gracious still.’



HE sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,  
 Alike they're needful for the flower,  
 And joys and tears alike are sent  
 To give the soul fit nourishment.  
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
 Father! Thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove,  
 With murmurs, whom they trust and love?  
 Creator! I would ever be  
 A trusting, loving child to Thee:  
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
 Father! Thy will, not mine, be done.

Oh ne'er will I at life repine—  
 Enough that Thou hast made it mine:  
 When falls the shadow cold of death,  
 I yet will sing with parting breath,  
 'As comes to me or shade or sun,  
 Father! Thy will, not mine, be done.'

ALL as God wills, who wisely heeds  
 To give or to withhold,  
 And knoweth more of all my needs  
 Than all my prayers have told.

Enough, that blessings undeserved  
 Have marked my erring track;  
 That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,  
 Thy chastening turned me back;

That more and more a Providence  
Of love is understood,  
Making the springs of time and sense  
Bright with eternal good ;

That all the jarring notes of life  
Seem blending in a psalm,  
And all the angles of its strife  
Slow rounding into calm ;

That death seems but a covered way  
Which opens into light,  
Wherein no blinded child can stray  
Beyond the Father's sight.

And so the shadows fall apart,  
And so the west winds play ;  
And all the windows of my heart  
I open to the day.

77.

B 52.

MY God, my Father ! blissful name !  
Oh may I call Thee mine !  
May I with sweet assurance claim  
A portion so divine.

This only can my fears control,  
And bid my sorrows fly :  
What harm can ever reach my soul  
Beneath my Father's eye ?

Whate'er Thy providence denies,  
I calmly would resign ;  
For Thou art just, and good, and wise ;  
Oh bend my will to Thine.

Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,  
Oh, give me strength to bear ;  
And let me know my Father reigns,  
And trust His tender care.

Thy sovereign ways are all unknown  
To my weak, erring sight ;  
Yet let my soul, adoring own  
That all Thy ways are right.

78.

S 645.

WHEN I survey life's varied scene,—  
Amid the darkest hours,  
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,  
And thorns are mixed with flowers.

Are health and ease my happy share?  
O may I bless my God !  
Thy kindness let my songs declare,  
And spread Thy praise abroad.

While such delightful gifts as these  
Are kindly dealt to me,  
Be all my hours of health and ease  
Devoted, Lord, to Thee.

And, O, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign hand denies,  
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise ;—

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free ;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And make me live to Thee.

**A**T first I prayed for Light,  
 Could I but see the way,  
**How** gladly, swiftly, would I walk  
 To everlasting day!

And next I prayed for Strength,  
 That I might tread the road  
**With** firm, unfaltering feet, and **win**  
 To heaven's serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith :—  
 Could I but trust my God !  
**I'd** live enfolded in His peace  
 Though foes were all abroad.

But now I pray for Love ;  
 Deep love to God and man :  
**A** living love that will not fail,  
 However dark His plan.

And Light and Strength and **Faith**  
 Are opening everywhere !  
**God** only waited for me, till  
 I prayed the larger prayer.

**S**OMETIMES a light surprises  
 The Christian while he sings;  
 It is the Lord who rises  
 With healing in His wings.  
**When** comforts are declining,  
 He grants the soul again  
**A** season of clear shining,  
 To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new;  
Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say—  
'E'en let the unknown morrow  
Bring with it what it may.'

It can bring with it nothing,  
But He will bear us through;  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
Will clothe His people too:  
Beneath the spreading heavens  
No creature but is fed;  
And He, who feeds the ravens,  
Will give His children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
Their wonted fruit shall bear;  
Though all the fields should wither,  
Nor flocks nor herds be there:  
Yet God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice;  
For, while in Him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.

81. †

S 703.

**L**IFT up a song of gladness:  
O drooping hearts rejoice!  
Away with fear and sadness,  
And tune to mirth your voice,

In highest exultation  
Your psalms of glory sing ;  
The God of our salvation  
For evermore is King.

O mortals, hush your weeping,  
And dry your faithless tears !  
God holds us in His keeping  
Through all the changing years.  
E'en now the sun is shining,  
And sorrows pass away ;  
The joys of heaven are twining  
With burdens of to-day.

Be strong and joyful ever,  
It is your Father's will ;  
For nought from Him can sever  
The hearts that love Him still.  
Then raise a psalm of gladness ;  
Lift up your voice and sing !  
Forget your heavy sadness,  
And rest beneath His wing !

82. †

B 360.

**A** BEAUTEOUS earth, O God of love,  
Thou givest for our home :  
The gleaming arch of heaven above  
Spreads wide its wondrous dome.

But fairer than their glories, Lord,  
Thy spirit-gifts we trace ;  
The riches of Thy secret word,  
The brightness of Thy face.

We bless Thee for the tenderness  
Which, though our eyes are blind,  
With patient love still seeks to bless,  
And is for ever kind.

We bless Thee for the gentle voice  
That checks us when we stray ;  
That bids our drooping hearts rejoice,  
And answers when we pray.

We bless Thee for the gift of faith  
Which trusts Thee though unseen ;  
That cheers the lonely vale of death  
And leads to pastures green.

Our earthly home, O Lord, is fair,  
Too fair for shame and sin :  
But oh ! how rich beyond compare,  
Thy heavenly world within !

83.

B 29.

**L**ORD ! I believe ; Thy power I own,  
Thy word I would obey ;  
I wander comfortless and lone  
When from Thy truth I stray.

Lord ! I believe ; but gloomy fears  
Sometimes bedim my sight ;  
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,  
And cry for strength and light.

Lord ! I believe ; but Thou dost know  
My faith is cold and weak :  
Pity my frailty, and bestow  
The confidence I seek.

Yes! I believe; and only Thou  
Canst give my soul relief:  
Lord! to Thy truth my spirit bow;  
Help Thou my unbelief!

84.

B 367.

O BLESSED they who stand serene  
On mountain heights of faith;  
Who in the air of the unseen  
Still draw their vital breath!

O, blessed they whose inner eyes  
Behold what angels see,  
And view God's holy Paradise,  
From doubt and discord free!

But we, who walk the noisy vale  
And breathe the lower air;  
Who toil in twilight chill and pale,—  
We lose the vision fair.

The things of Matter, Time, and Sense  
Press on our faithless sight:  
The Glory of God's Immanence  
Fades out in starless night.

Lord! help our earthly unbelief;  
Our scanty faith increase!  
Give to our doubting hearts relief,  
And fill them with Thy peace!



**D**EEP in my heart a voice is ever calling,  
Bidding me rise and follow night and day :  
While from the heavens a ray of light is falling,  
Pointing my path, and brightening all my way.

*Lord ! I will follow : Lord ! I will come !  
Still gently lead me to my eternal home !*

Sweetly it sings, that voice of tender pleading,  
Sings of a joy all earthly joys above :  
And through the night a kindly hand is leading  
Up from the gloom to that dear land of love.

When in distrust my faithless heart rebelling  
Shrinks from the way, unheeding of the goal,  
Mid doubts and fears, with urgent love compelling,  
Still pleads that Voice within my faltering  
soul.

Up from the shadows, weary oft with climbing,  
Still I am led to mountain summits bright ;  
While evermore, like bells of silver chiming,  
Welcomes are wafted from the land of light.

**T**AKE my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee ;  
Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love ;  
Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing  
Always, only, for my King ;  
Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold ;  
Not a mite would I withhold :  
Take my intellect, and use  
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine ;  
It shall be no longer mine :  
Take my heart ;—it is Thine own ;—  
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love ; my Lord, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure-store :  
Take myself ; and I will be  
Ever. only, ALL for Thee.

87. †

S 416.

**H**OLY Father ! Friend divine !  
Life and strength and joy are Thine !  
Raise my heart to things above ;  
Make me worthier of Thy love !

Not alone by prayer and praise  
Would I consecrate my days,  
But by glad obedience show  
All the debt to Thee I owe.

Midst the din of earthly strife  
I would live a blameless life ;  
Truthful, honest, kind and just,  
Seeing Thee in whom I trust.

Let my home and dear ones there,  
Through my love Thy kindness share ;  
Let my pure affections be  
Ripest fruits of piety !

Linked in sympathy divine  
Let my brother's woe be mine :  
Nerved with indignation strong  
'Gainst the ills that work him wrong.

Let me too with cheerful voice  
In his every joy rejoice ;  
Knowing Thou dost love to bless  
Human hearts with happiness.

Thus forgetting selfish care  
I would find Thee everywhere ;  
So the life I live in Thee  
Shall my highest worship be !

88.

B 632.

THOU knowest, Lord ! Thou know'st my  
life's deep story,  
And all the mingled good and ill I do !  
Thou see'st my shame ; my few stray gleams of  
glory ;  
Where I am false and where my soul rings  
true !

Lord ! I am glad Thou know'st my inmost being ;  
Glad Thou dost search the secrets of my heart :  
I would not hide one folly from Thy seeing  
Nor shun Thy healing touch to save the smart !

Like warp and woof the good and ill are blended,  
Nor do I see the pattern that I weave ;  
Yet in Thy love the whole is comprehended,  
And in Thy Hand my future lot I leave !

Only, dear Lord ! make plain the path of duty ;  
Let not my shame and sorrow weigh me down,  
Lest in despair I fail to see its beauty,  
And weeping vainly miss the victor's crown !

89.

B 29

O HELP us, Lord ! each hour of need  
Thy heavenly succour give ;  
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,  
Each hour on earth we live.

O help us, when our spirits bleed  
With contrite anguish sore,  
And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
O help us, Lord, the more.

O help us, through the prayer of faith  
More firmly to believe ;  
For still the more the servant hath,  
The more shall he receive.

O help us, Father, from on high ;  
We know no help but Thee ;  
O help us so to live and die,  
As Thine in heaven to be.

**J**UST as I am,—without one plea  
 But that Thy love is seeking me,  
 And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
 O loving God! I come.

Just as I am,—and waiting not  
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
 To Thee whose love will search each spot,  
 O loving God! I come.

Just as I am,—though tossed about  
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
 Fightings within, and fears without,  
 O loving God! I come.

Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind!  
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
 O loving God! I come.

Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, heal, relieve:  
 My shame is all that I can give,—  
 Yet, loving God! I come.

**I**T is not that I do not know  
 The Right, the True, the Good,  
 But that to do, my will is slow,  
 What well is understood.

It is not that my eyes are blind,  
 Nor see the way to God,  
 But that I linger far behind  
 On paths the saints have trod.

It is not that deaf ears prevent  
My hearing Duty's call ;  
But that my soul is indolent,  
And daily tasks appall.

Nor is it that I cannot rise  
To heaven's divine employ ;  
But that my birthright I despise  
Compared with earthly joy.

It is but vain excuse to make ;  
The sin is wholly mine !  
Lord ! let me to my peril wake,  
And bend my will to Thine.

92.

S 684.

**L**ORD ! forgive me, day by day,  
Debts I cannot hope to pay ;  
Duties I have left undone,  
Evils I have failed to shun :

Trespases in word and thought ;  
Deeds from evil motive wrought ;  
Cold ingratitude, distrust,  
Thoughts unhallowed or unjust :

Pardon, Lord !—and are there those  
Who my debtors are, or foes ?  
I who by forgiveness live,  
Here their trespases forgive.

Much forgiven, may I learn  
Love for hatred to return ;  
Then assured my heart shall be,  
Thou, my God, hast pardoned me.

**L**ORD, when we bend before Thy throne  
 And our confessions pour,  
 Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
 And shun what we deplore.

Our contrite spirits pitying, see,  
 And penitence impart ;  
 And let a healing ray from Thee  
 Beam peace upon our heart.

When our responsive tongues essay  
 Their grateful songs to raise,  
 Grant that our souls may join the lay,  
 And rise to Thee in praise.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
 May we our souls resign,  
 And not a thought our bosom share  
 Which is not wholly Thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,  
 And waft it to the skies ;  
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
 That grants it or denies.

**F**ATHER of eternity ;  
 Fount of pity, full and free ;  
 Hearken as we cry to Thee :  
 In Thy mercy hear us.

Save us from all deadly ill,  
Evil purpose, halting will,  
Hatred hot and love grown chill:  
In Thy mercy hear us.

Save from blindness of the heart;  
Wounded pride's envenomed smart;  
Souls by envy kept apart:  
In Thy mercy hear us.

Save from doubting and distrust;  
Save from cleaving to the dust;  
Save from fleshly sin and lust:  
In Thy mercy hear us.

Save from these: for all the rest,  
Health or sickness; toil or rest;  
Life or death—Thou knowest best:  
In Thy mercy hear us.

95.

B 368.

**T**HEY that are whole no healing need;  
They are already blest:  
But sinful souls and hearts that bleed,  
Come unto Thee for rest!

Oh, Mighty Healer! Thou dost know  
The sick who need Thy care;  
Thy word can bid the pulses flow,  
The wasted strength repair.

No eye but Thine the wounds may see  
Which fill our hours with pain:  
Thy grace alone can set us free  
And make us whole again.



Before Thee we lay bare our sore  
For Thy kind touch to heal;  
And trust Thy tenderness the more,  
The more our sin we feel.

Not whole but sick, we seek Thee, Lord!  
Confessing all our woe:  
Oh! grant that hence, to life restored,  
We may rejoicing go!

96. †

A 466 2nd.

L ORD of Life! for ever nigh;  
All unseen by mortal eye;  
Harkening to the humblest cry:  
We beseech Thee, hear us!

Oft we cling to things of earth;  
Fleshly pleasures; empty mirth;  
Give us, Lord, a heavenly birth;—  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

In Thy light make all things new:  
With Thy spirit pierce them through!  
Cleanse the false: reveal the true;—  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

In Thy holy Fatherhood  
Give our souls their fitting food:  
Make us strong for all things good!—  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Evil passions in us slay:  
Show Thy will from day to day;  
Give us wisdom to obey;—  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Best of all, O Lord, most high !  
Grant us grace to feel Thee nigh,  
While we live, and when we die :—  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

97.

A 21 1st.

**I** LOOK to Thee in every need,  
And never look in vain ;  
I feel Thy strong and tender love,  
And all is well again :  
The thought of Thee is mightier far  
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,  
Disheartened by its load,  
Shamed by its failures or its fears,  
I sink beside the road ;  
But let me only think of Thee,  
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,  
My restlessness to still ;  
Around me flows Thy quickening life,  
To nerve my faltering will ;  
Thy presence fills my solitude ;  
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,  
Held in Thy law I stand ;  
Thy hand in all things I behold,  
And all things in Thy hand ;  
Thou leadest me by unsought ways  
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

**T**HOU very present aid  
In suffering and distress !  
The soul which still on Thee is stayed,  
Is kept in perfect peace ;  
The soul by faith reclined  
On Thy paternal breast,  
Midst raging storms exults to find  
An everlasting rest.

Sorrow and fear are gone  
Where'er Thy face appears ;  
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,  
And dries the widow's tears.  
It hallows every cross,  
It sweetly comforts me,  
And makes me now forget my loss,  
And lose myself in Thee.

Peace to the troubled heart,  
Health to the sin-sick mind,  
The wounded spirit's balm Thou art,  
The Healer of mankind.  
In deep affliction blessed,  
With Thee I mount above,  
And sing, triumphantly distressed,  
Thine all-sufficient love.

My God, to whom I fly  
Doth all my wishes fill ;  
In vain the creature-streams are dry,  
I have the Fountain still :

Stripped of my earthly friends,  
I find them all in One,  
And peace, and joy that never ends,  
And heaven, in God alone.

99.

B 30

**T**HY way is in the deep, O Lord !  
E'en there we'll go with Thee :  
We'll meet the tempest at Thy word,  
And walk upon the sea !

Poor tremblers at His rougher wind,  
Why do we doubt Him so ?  
Who gives the storm a path, will find  
A way our feet shall go.

A moment may His hand be lost,—  
Drear moment of delay !—  
We cry, ' Lord ! help the tempest-tost,'  
And safe we're borne away.

The Lord yields nothing to our fears,  
And flies from selfish care ;  
But comes Himself, where'er He hears  
The voice of loving prayer.

O happy soul of faith divine !  
Thy victory how sure !  
The love that kindles joy is thine,—  
The patience to endure.

Come, Lord of peace ! our griefs dispel ;  
And wipe our tears away :  
'Tis Thine to order all things well,  
And ours, to bless the sway.

**F**OR ever nigh me, Father, stand ;  
 And guard in fierce temptation's hour :  
 Hide in the hollow of Thy hand ;  
 Show forth, O Lord, Thy saving power :  
 Still be Thy arm my sure defence ;  
 Nor life, nor death shall pluck me thence.

When passing through the watery deep,  
 I ask in faith Thy promised aid,  
 The waves an awful distance keep,  
 And shrink from my devoted head ;  
 Fearless their violence I dare ;  
 They cannot harm ; for God is there !

When darkness intercepts the skies,  
 And sorrow's waves around me roll ;  
 When high the storms of passion rise,  
 And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul :  
 My soul a sudden calm shall feel  
 And hear a whisper, ' Peace, be still.'

**W**HEN 'neath a heavy load of sin,  
 Thy children, Lord, bend low,  
 Wherewith shall they Thy succour win,  
 Wherewith their sorrow show ?  
 When they would fain new life begin  
 How shall Thy mercy flow ?

Ah! Gracious God! it is not Thine  
 To mock the mourner's sigh;  
 Thy mercy is a gift divine  
 That greets the faintest cry;  
 Thy smiles, unpurchased, swiftly shine  
 When broken hearts are nigh.  
 Thou dost not, Lord, Thy love restrain:  
 'Tis we, who turn from Thee!  
 From mercy Thou dost not refrain,  
 Rejected though it be!  
 On barren hearts it falls in vain,  
 Yet falls eternally!  
 Though weary, wayward and defiled,  
 We still may seek Thy face;  
 Thy love takes back the erring child,  
 Who doth his path retrace;  
 When our hard hearts are reconciled,  
 We meet Thy waiting grace.  
 No sacrifice but broken hearts,  
 No cleansing but our tears!  
 The dying soul rejoicing starts;  
 No place is left for fears;  
 All else Thy tenderness imparts  
 Through Heaven's eternal years.

102. †

B 206.

**W**HEN our life is filled with beauty;  
 When our days of toil begin;  
 When we hear the calls of duty;  
 When we feel the power of sin;  
 To Thy sheltering arms we fly,—  
 Father! save us when we cry!

When dark terrors gather o'er us ;  
 When our hearts grow cold with fear ;  
 When our path lies rough before us ;  
 When no friendly face is near ;  
 To Thy sheltering arms we fly,—  
 Father ! save us when we cry !  
 When some swift temptation meets us ;  
 When our cherished sins are strong ;  
 When some hated vice defeats us ;  
 When our souls are stained with wrong ;  
 To Thy sheltering arms we fly—  
 Father ! save us when we cry !  
 By Thy spirit's inspiration ;  
 By Thy love's almighty sway ;  
 By Thy mercy's strong salvation ;  
 By Thy patient majesty ;  
 Hear us when to Thee we cry,—  
 Father ! save us, or we die !

103.

S 615.

**F**ATHER, refuge of my soul !  
 Let me to Thy shelter fly :  
 While the nearer waters roll,  
 While the tempest still is high ;  
 Hide me, O my Father ! hide  
 Till the storm of life be past :  
 Safe into the haven guide ;  
 O receive my soul at last.  
 Other refuge have I none ;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee :  
 Leave, O leave me not alone ;  
 Still support and comfort me :

All my trust on Thee is stayed ;  
All my help from Thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found ;  
Cleanse me, Lord, from every sin :  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art ;  
Freely let me take of Thee :  
Spring Thou up within my heart ;  
Rise to all eternity.

104.

B 160.

GO thou in life's fair morning,  
Go in the bloom of youth ;  
And buy for thine adorning,  
The precious pearl of truth :  
Secure this heavenly treasure,  
And bind it on thy heart,  
And let not earthly pleasure  
E'er cause it to depart.

Go, while the day star shineth,  
Go, while thy heart is light ;  
Go, ere thy strength declineth,  
While every sense is bright.  
Sell all thou hast, and buy it ;  
'Tis worth all earthly things,  
All rubies, gold, and diamonds,  
All thrones and crowns of Kings.



Go, ere the clouds of sorrow,  
Steal o'er the bloom of youth ;  
Defer not till to-morrow,—  
Go now and buy the truth.  
Go seek thy great Creator,  
Learn early to be wise ;  
Go, place upon His altar  
A morning sacrifice.

105.

B 608.

**T**HEE would I love, my strength, my tower !  
Thee would I love, my Lord, my God !  
Thee would I serve with all my power,  
And kiss Thy sceptre or Thy rod.  
I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice  
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

Uphold me in the doubtful race,  
Nor suffer me again to stray ;  
Strengthen my feet with steady pace  
Still to press forward in Thy way ;  
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might !  
Replenish with Thy heavenly light.

Give to mine eyes repentant tears ;  
Give to my heart pure, hallowed fires ;  
Give to my soul, with filial fears,  
The love that all heaven's host inspires ;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.

**G**REAT God, Thou giver of all good,  
My soul is filled with gratitude ;  
I fain would pay my thanks aright,  
For all Thy countless mercies bright.  
My grateful song shall ever be,  
My God, I give my heart to Thee !

It is not much, dear Lord, to give  
For all the bounties I receive :  
Not all my life, through all my days,  
Could rightly sing Thy worthy praise ;  
Yet take it Lord, though poor it be ;  
My God, I give my heart to Thee !

Yes, take it Lord, and give me power  
To make it worthier every hour ;  
May noble deeds and tender love,  
The truth of my affection prove.  
Thy child, dear Lord, I fain would be ;  
My God, I give my heart to Thee !

**F**ATHER of our feeble race,  
Wise, beneficent and kind :  
Spread o'er Nature's ample face,  
Flows Thy goodness unconfined ;  
Musing in the silent grove,  
Or the busy walks of men,  
Still we trace Thy wondrous love,  
Claiming large returns again.

Lord, what offering shall we bring  
At Thine altars when we bow ?  
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring  
Whence the kind affections flow ;  
Soft compassion's feeling soul,  
By the melting eye exprest ;  
Sympathy, at whose control,  
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast.

Willing hands to lead the blind,  
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;  
Love, embracing all mankind ;  
Charity, with liberal store.  
Teach us, O Thou heavenly King,  
Thus to show our grateful mind,  
Thus the accepted offering bring,—  
Love to Thee and all mankind.

108.

S 652.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,  
And lead me up to man.

When worn with sickness, oft I ast Thou  
With health renewed my face ;  
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace.

Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

109.

C 369.

G OD'S free mercy streameth  
Over all the world,  
And His banner gleameth  
Everywhere unfurled.

Broad, and deep, and glorious  
As the heaven above,  
Shines in might victorious  
His eternal love.

Lord, upon our blindness  
Thy pure radiance pour ;  
For Thy loving kindness  
Make us love Thee more.

And when clouds are drifting  
Dark across our sky,  
Then the mist uplifting,  
Father, be Thou nigh.

We will never doubt Thee,  
Though Thou veil Thy light :  
Life is dark without Thee ;  
Death with Thee is bright.

Light of Light ! shine o'er us  
On our pilgrim way,  
Go Thou still before us  
To the endless day.

110.

S 686.

CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,  
As ye journey sweetly sing :  
Sing your Maker's worthy praise ;  
Glorious in His works and ways !

Ye are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod ;  
They are happy now—and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.

Fear not, brethren ; lo ! we stand  
On the borders of our land :  
Jesus, from its summit won,  
Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord ! obediently we'll go,  
Gladly leaving all below :  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

FATHER, lead us with Thy power  
 Safe into the promised rest;  
 Hide our souls within Thy shelter,  
 In Thine arms securely blest.  
 Feed us with the heavenly manna,  
 Bread of angel-life above;  
 Send us from the holy fountain  
 Draughts of everlasting love.

Through the desert wild conduct us  
 With a glorious pillar bright,—  
 In the day a cooling comfort,  
 And a cheering fire by night.  
 Be our guide in every peril;  
 Watch us hourly, night and day:  
 Never leave us, lest we wander  
 From Thy spirit far away.

In Thy presence we are happy,  
 In Thy presence we're secure;  
 In Thy presence all afflictions  
 We can patiently endure;  
 In Thy presence we can conquer,  
 We can suffer, we can die;  
 Far from Thee we faint and languish;  
 Fount of blessing! keep us nigh.

ALL the way my Father leads me;  
 What have I to ask beside?  
 Can I doubt His tender mercy,  
 Who through life has been my Guide?

Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,  
Here by faith in Him to dwell;  
For I know, whate'er befall me,  
Still He doeth all things well.

All the way my Father leads me;  
Cheers each winding path I tread,  
Gives me grace for every trial,  
Feeds me with the Living Bread.  
Though my weary steps may falter,  
And my soul athirst may be,  
Gushing from the Rock before me,  
Lo, a spring of joy I see!

All the way my Father leads me;  
Oh, the fulness of His love!  
Perfect rest to me is promised  
In my Father's house above.  
When my spirit, clothed, immortal,  
Wings its flight to realms of day,  
This my song through endless ages—  
God hath led me all the way!

113.

S 613.

**F**ORWARD!—be our watchword,  
Steps and voices joined;  
Seek the things before us,  
Not a look behind:  
Burns the fiery pillar  
At our army's head;

G 2

Who shall dream of shrinking,  
By our Captain led ?  
Forward through the desert,  
Through the toil and fight ;  
Canaan lies before us,  
Zion beams with light.

Forward ! flock of Jesus,  
Salt of all the earth ;  
Fill each yearning purpose  
Spring to glorious birth :  
Sick, they ask for healing,  
Blind, they grope for day ;  
Pour upon the nations  
Wisdom's loving ray !  
Forward, out of error,  
Leave behind the night ;  
Forward through the darkness  
Forward into light !

Glories upon glories  
Hath our God prepared,  
By the souls that love Him  
One day to be shared ;  
Eye hath not beheld them ;  
Ear hath never heard ;  
Nor of these hath uttered  
Thought or speech a word :  
Forward, ever forward,  
Clad in armour bright ;  
Till the veil be lifted—  
Till our faith be sight.



ONWARD! upward! homeward! Words of  
blessed cheer,  
Breathing hope and courage 'mid the desert  
drear;  
Leading through the valley to the mountain's  
crest;  
Comforting the weary; singing songs of rest.

*Onward through the desert; upward to the goal;  
Homeward past the shadows, happy Christian  
soul!*

Onward! upward! homeward! Though the  
way be long,  
Cheer it, patient pilgrim, with a trustful song!  
He who set the journey gives thee strength to  
bear;  
Cast on Him thy burden, He for thee will care!

Onward! *upward!* homeward! Set thy heart  
on high;  
To the hills eternal let thy yearnings fly!  
Let thy gaze be heavenward, though the earth  
may shine:  
Seek the Spirit victories, seek the Love Divine!

Onward! upward! *homeward!* When the race  
is run,  
When the journey's ended, when the fight is won,  
Passing understanding, peace shall ever spring  
In the Father's presence; 'neath His sheltering  
wing!

**A** RM, soldiers of the Lord !  
The fight is set with wrong ;  
Take shield and breastplate, helm and sword,  
And sing your battle song.

Stand fast for Love, your Lord !  
Faith be your mighty shield,  
And let the Spirit's burning sword  
Flash foremost in the field.

Truth be your girdle strong ;  
And Hope your helmet shine  
Whene'er the battle seems too long,  
And wearied hearts repine.

With news of Gospel Peace  
Let your swift feet be shod ;  
Your breastplate be the Righteousness  
That keeps the soul for God.

And for the weary day,  
And for the slothful arm,  
For wounds, defeat, distress, dismay,  
Take Prayer, the heavenly charm.

'From strength to strength' your cry ;  
Your battlefield the world !  
Strike home, and press where Christ your  
Lord  
His banner has unfurled.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain :  
His blood-red banner streams afar—  
Who follows in his train ?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain ;  
Who patient bears his cross below,—  
He follows in his train !

The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave :  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on him to save.

Like him, with pardon on his tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the wrong !  
Who follows in his train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few  
On whom the Spirit came,  
In whom their trust was laid, they knew,  
And mocked the cross and flame.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,  
Through peril, toil and pain !  
O God ! to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train !

HEAVENWARD lift your banners,  
Braving pain and loss ;  
Strike for God and Victory,  
Soldiers of the Cross !  
In your holy warfare,  
Quit you now like men ;  
In your Leader's service,  
Counting all things gain.

*Heavenward lift your banners,  
Braving pain and loss :  
Strike for God and Victory.  
Soldiers of the cross !*

From the holy city  
Countless souls look on ;  
They have waged the warfare,  
They the crown have won ;  
Now with eager longing,  
Still they scan the fight ;  
Nerve ye, Christian warriors,  
Strike for God and Right.

When your steps are faltering ;  
When your strength is low ;  
When your arm is weary ;  
Nerveless every blow ;  
See, they urge you onward,  
They, the martyr throng ;  
Hear their loud Hosannas !  
Hear their battle song.

Can ye then be faithless,  
Traitors to your God !  
Can ye flee the pathway  
Saintly hosts have trod !  
Where the fight is thickest,  
Plunge with courage high !  
'Strike for God and Victory !'  
This your battle cry.

118.

B 551

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer ;  
Not for ease that prayer shall be,  
But for strength that we may ever  
Live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures  
Do we ask our way to be ;  
But by steep and rugged pathways  
Would we strive to climb to Thee.

Not for ever by still waters  
Would we idly quiet stay ;  
But would win the living fountains  
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,  
In our wanderings be our guide ;  
Through endeavour, failure, danger,  
Father ! be Thou at our side.

Let our path be bright or dreary,  
Storm or sunshine be our share,  
May our souls, in hope unweary,  
Make Thy work our ceaseless prayer.

**A** WAKE our souls ! away our fears !  
Let every trembling thought be gone !  
**A**wake, and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.

**T**True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;  
**B**ut they forget the mighty God  
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

**T**hee, mighty God, whose matchless power  
Is ever new and ever young,  
**A**nd firm endures, while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.

**F**rom Thee, the ever-flowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;  
**A**nd onward led from strength to strength,  
Find Thee, our Helper, ever nigh.

**S**wift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We'll mount with joy the heavenly height,  
**A**nd perfect in Thy love possess  
Life in the fulness of Thy light.

**H**E liveth long who liveth well ;  
All else is life but flung away :  
**H**e liveth longest who can tell  
Of true things truly done each day.

Be what thou seemest ; live thy creed ;  
Hold up to earth the torch divine ;  
Be what thou prayest to be made,  
And let the victor's step be thine.

Sow truth if thou the true wouldst reap ;  
Who sows the false shall reap in vain :  
Erect and sound thy conscience keep ;  
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Fill every hour with what will last,  
Use well the moments as they go ;  
The life above, when this is past,  
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;  
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;  
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,  
And find a harvest-home of light.

121.

B 204

**T**ELL me not in mournful numbers  
‘ Life is but an empty dream ! ’  
For the soul is dead that slumbers  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !  
And the grave is not its goal ;  
‘ Dust thou art, to dust returnest,’  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way !  
But to act that each to-morrow  
Find us further than to-day.

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time:

Footprints that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait.

122.

S 633.

THOUGH lowly here our lot may be,  
High work have we to do—  
In faith and trust to follow him  
Whose lot was lowly too.

Our days of darkness we may bear,  
Strong in a Father's love,  
Leaning on His almighty arm,  
And fixed our hopes above.

Our lives enriched with gentle thoughts  
And loving deeds may be—  
A stream that still the nobler grows  
The nearer to the sea.

To duty firm, to conscience true,  
However tried and pressed;  
In God's clear sight high work we do  
If we but do our best.



Thus may we make the lowliest lot  
With rays of glory bright ;  
Thus may we turn a crown of thorns  
Into a crown of light.

123. †

B 550.

**N**EVER be afraid of working ;  
Do not shun the toil of life :  
Good can never come of shirking  
Daily cares and daily strife.

Golden harp strings harshly jingle  
Left by idle hands unstrung ;  
And our heart-tones falsely mingle  
When their chords no toil has wrung.

Life must be whate'er we make it ;  
High and noble,—mean and base—  
Work alone can boldly make it  
To the glory of the race.

Not our task, but how we do it,  
Stamps our fate for good or ill :  
Nought so mean but we may view it  
As a message of God's will.

Play thy part with strong endeavour ;  
Fill thy days with high employ :  
Work ! thy life is thine for ever ;  
Crown it, then, with deathless joy.

124.

B 361.

**I**MMORTAL by their deed and word,  
Like light around them shed,  
Still speak the prophets of the Lord,  
Still live the sainted dead.

The voice of old by Jordan's flood  
Yet floats upon the air ;  
We hear it in beatitude,  
In parable, and prayer.

And still the beauty of that life  
Shines star-like on our way ;  
And breathes its calm amid the **strife**  
And burden of to-day.

Earnest of life for evermore,  
That life of duty here—  
The trust that in the darkest hour  
Looked forth and knew no fear.

Spirit of Jesus, still speed on,  
Speed on thy conquering way,  
Till every heart the Father own,  
And all his will obey.

125.

B 16.

**F**OR all Thy saints, O Lord !  
Who strove in Thee to live,  
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,  
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all Thy saints, O Lord !  
Accept our grateful cry,  
Who counted Thee their great reward,  
And strove in Thee to die.

They all, in life and death,  
With Thee, Lord, in their view,  
Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath  
To suffer and to do.

For this Thy name we bless,  
And humbly pray that we  
May follow them in holiness  
And live and die in Thee.

126.

S 665.

**W**E mourn for those who toil,  
The slave who ploughs the main,  
Or him who hopeless tills the soil  
Beneath the stripe and chain :  
For those who, in the race,  
O'erwearied and unblest,  
A host of restless phantoms chase ;—  
Why mourn for those who rest ?

We mourn for those who sin,  
Bound in the tempter's snare,  
Whom syren pleasure beckons in  
To prisons of despair ;  
Whose hearts, by passion torn,  
Are wrecked on folly's shore ;—  
But why in sorrow should we mourn  
For those who sin no more ?

We mourn for those who weep ;  
Whom stern afflictions bend  
With anguish o'er the lowly sleep  
Of lover or of friend :  
But they to whom the sway  
Of pain and grief is o'er,  
Whose tears our God hath wiped away,  
O mourn for them no more !

**T**HERE is no death. The stars go down  
 To rise upon some fairer shore,  
 And bright in heaven's jewelled crown  
 They shine for evermore.

There is no death. The dust we tread  
 Shall change beneath the summer showers  
 To golden grain, or mellow fruit,  
 Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death. An angel form  
 Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;  
 He bears our best-loved things away,  
 And then we call them dead.

He leaves our hearts all desolate,  
 He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers:  
 Transplanted into bliss, they now  
 Adorn immortal bowers.

Born into that undying life,  
 They leave us but to come again;  
 With joy we welcome them—the same  
 Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,  
 The dear immortal spirits tread;  
 For all the boundless universe  
 Is life:—there are no dead!

**S**WEET Day! so cool, so calm, so bright,  
 Bridal of earth and sky:  
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,  
 For thou, alas! must die.

Sweet Rose! in air whose odours wave,  
And colour charms the eye;  
Thy root is ever in the grave,  
And thou, alas! must die.

Sweet Spring! of days and roses made,  
Whose charms for beauty vie!  
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,  
Thou, too, alas! must die.

Only a sweet and holy soul  
Hath tints that never fly:  
While flowers decay, and seasons roll,  
It lives, and cannot die.

129.

B 633.

WE will not weep; for God is standing by us,  
And tears will blind us to the blessed  
sight:

We will not doubt; if darkness still doth try us,  
Our souls have promise of serenest light.

We will not faint; if heavy burdens bind us,  
They press no harder than our souls can bear;  
The thorniest way is lying still behind us,  
We shall be braver for the past despair.

Oh not in doubt shall be our journey's ending;  
Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last:  
All its best hopes in glad fulfilment blending,  
Life shall be with us after death is past.

Help us, O Father! when the world is pressing  
On our frail hearts, that faint without their  
friend;  
Help us, O Father! let Thy constant blessing  
Strengthen our weakness till the joyful end.

130.

S 612.

JERUSALEM the Golden!  
I long for one fair gleam  
Of all thy glory shrouded  
In distance and in dream.  
My thoughts like sons in exile,  
Climb up to look and pray  
For a glimpse of that dear country  
That seems so far away

Jerusalem the Golden!  
Methinks each flower that blows,  
And every bird a-singing,  
Of thee some secret knows.  
I know not what the flowers  
Can feel, or birds can see;  
But all these summer raptures  
Are prophecies of thee.

Jerusalem the Golden,  
Where loftily they sing,—  
O'er vanished pain and sorrow  
For ever triumphing!  
Thy portal may be lowly,  
And dark may be thy door,  
But O, the inner glory!  
God's palace for His poor.

Jerusalem the Golden !

There are our birds that flew,  
Our flowers one half unfolded,  
Our pearls that turned to dew :  
And all the glad life-music,  
Now heard no longer here,  
Shall come again to greet us  
As we are drawing near.

131.

S 117.

ONLY waiting, till the shadows  
Are a little longer grown ;  
Only waiting, till the glimmer  
Of the day's last beam is flown :  
Till the light of earth is faded  
From the heart once full of day ;  
Till the stars of heaven are breaking  
Through the twilight soft and grey.

Only waiting, till the reapers  
Have the last sheaf gathered home ;  
For the summer time is faded,  
And the autumn winds have come.  
Quickly reapers ! gather quickly  
These last ripe hours of my heart,  
For the bloom of life is withered,  
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting, till the shadows  
Are a little longer grown ;  
Only waiting, till the glimmer  
Of the day's last beam is flown.

Then from out the gathered darkn ess  
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,  
By whose light my soul shall gladly  
Wing her passage to the skies.

132.

S 729.

**P**OUR, blessed Gospel, glorious news for man!  
Thy stream of life o'er springless deserts  
roll :

Thy' bond of peace the mighty earth can span,  
And make one brotherhood from pole to pole.

On, piercing Gospel, on ! of every heart,  
In every latitude, thou own'st the key ;  
From their dull slumbers savage souls shall start,  
With all their treasures first unlocked by thee.

Tread, kingly Gospel, through the nations tread,  
With all the civil virtues in thy train !  
Be all to thy blest freedom captive led ;  
And Christ, the true emancipator, reign !

Spread, giant Gospel, spread thy growing wings !  
Gather thy scattered ones from every land :  
Call home the wanderers to the King of Kings ;  
Proclaim them all thine own ;—'tis His command !

133. †

S 688.

**T**HANK we now the Lord of Heaven,  
For the Day-spring He hath given ;  
For the light of truth and grace  
Shining from the Master's face.



Sunk in deepest night of wrong,  
Weary earth had waited long ;  
Mortals, heedless where they trod,  
Wandered wide from home and God.

Unto us a Child was born,  
Herald of a brighter morn ;  
Unto us a Son was given,  
Leading weary souls to heaven.

Years have come, and years have gone,  
Still that Light is shining on ;  
Still that Holy Child is born  
Every blessed Christmas morn.

Still his words of truth and grace  
In a holier world we trace :  
When our hearts to love are stirred,  
Still the angels' song is heard.

'Glory be to God on high,'  
Sing, ye angels, from the sky ;  
Mortals, raise the glad refrain,  
'Peace on earth, goodwill to men !'

134.

*Webb.*

**H**ARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long !  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.

On him the spirit, largely poured,  
Exerts its sacred fire ;  
Wisdom and might and zeal and love,  
His holy breast inspire.

He comes the prisoners to release,  
In evil bondage held ;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice,  
To clear the mental ray ;  
And on the eyeballs of the blind  
To pour celestial day.

He comes the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure ;  
And with the treasures of his grace  
Enrich the humble poor.

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

135.

B 480.

**I**T came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold :—  
'Peace to the earth, goodwill to men,  
From heaven's all-gracious king !'  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurled ;  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world.

Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend, on hovering wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife  
The world has suffered long :  
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled  
Two thousand years of wrong :  
And man, at war with man, hears not  
The love-song which they bring :  
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
And hear the angels sing !

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow :  
Look now ; for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing :  
Oh rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing !

For lo ! the days are hastening on,  
By prophet bards foretold,  
When, with the ever-circling years,  
Comes round the age of gold ;  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendours fling,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing !

**B**Y cool Siloam's shady rill  
 How sweet the lily grows !  
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
 Of Sharon's dewy rose !

**L**o ! such the child whose early feet  
 The paths of peace have trod ;  
 Whose secret heart, with influence **sweet**,  
 Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
 The lily must decay ;  
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
 Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
 Of man's maturer age,  
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
 And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou who fann'st the early fire  
 Of souls that yield to Thee,  
 Till their enkindled years aspire  
 Thy lights of love to be :—

We seek Thy spirit's bounteous breath,  
 We ask Thy grace alone,  
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
 To keep us still Thine own !

**A**MID the din of earthly strife,  
 Amid the busy crowd,  
 The whispers of eternal life  
 Are lost in clamours loud ;

When lo ! I find a healing balm ;  
The world grows dim to me ;  
My spirit rests in sudden calm  
With Christ in Galilee !

I linger near him in the throng,  
And listen to his voice ;  
I feel my weary soul grow strong,  
My saddened heart rejoice.  
Amid the storms that darkly frown  
I hear his whisper sweet,  
And lay my heavy burden down  
At his belovèd feet.

My vision swiftly fades away,  
The world is round me still ;  
But Jesus seems with me to stay,  
His promise to fulfil.  
And toil and duty sweeter seem  
While he abides with me :  
My heart is rested by my dream  
Of Christ in Galilee !

138.

S 431.

**R**EVEALER, Brother, Friend and Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word :  
But in thy life the law appears  
Drawn out in living characters.

Such was thy truth and such thy zeal,  
Such deference to thy Father's will,  
Such love, and meekness so divine ;  
I would transcribe and make them mine.

Cold mountains, and the midnight air,  
Witnessed the fervour of thy prayer ;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

Be thou my pattern ! may I bear  
More of thy gracious image here !  
That God, in heaven, may find in me  
A soul prepared to dwell with thee.

139.

S 431.

**H**OW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound,  
From lips of gentleness and grace,  
When listening thousands gathered round,  
And joy and reverence filled the place.

From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,  
To heaven he led his followers' way ;  
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,  
Unveiling an immortal day.

'Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,  
Come, all ye weary ones and rest !'  
Yes ! sacred teacher, we will come,  
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

140.

S 138.

**C**OME, said Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, and make my paths your choice ;  
I will guide you to your home,  
Weary pilgrim, hither come !

Thou, who houseless, sole, forlorn,  
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,  
Long hast roamed the barren waste,  
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !

Ye who tossed on beds of pain.  
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;  
Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes  
Watch to see the morning rise;

Ye by fiercer anguish torn,  
Guilt in strong remorse who mourn;  
Here repose your heavy care,  
A wounded spirit who can bear!

Sinner come! for here is found  
Balm, that flows for every wound;  
Peace that ever shall endure,  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

141.

S 610.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
‘Come unto me, and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon my breast.’

I came to Jesus as I was—  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in him a resting place,  
And he has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
‘Behold, I freely give  
The living water—thirsty one  
Stoop down, and drink, and live.’  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream:  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
‘I am this dark world’s light ;  
Look unto me ! thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright.’  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In him my Star, my Sun :  
And in that light of life I’ll walk,  
Till travelling days are done.

142.

S 361 or A 223 2nd.

**H**ARK, hark ! my soul ! angelic songs are  
swelling

O’er earth’s green fields and ocean’s wave-beat  
shore ;

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are  
telling

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,

The voice of Jesus sounds o’er land and sea,

And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,

Kind Shepherd ! turn their weary steps to  
thee.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,

Come, weary souls ! for Jesus bids you come !

And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,

The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Rest comes at length ; though life be long and  
dreary,

The day must dawn, and darksome night be  
past ;



All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,  
And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come  
at last.

REFRAIN.

*Angels ! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;  
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,  
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.*

Or this :

*Angels of Heaven ! Angels of Light :  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !*

143.

S 261.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distress ?  
'Come to me,' saith One,—'and coming  
Be at rest !'

Hath he marks to lead me to him,  
If he be my guide ?  
'In his feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And his side !'

Hath he crown of royal splendour,  
That his brow adorns ?  
'Yea, a crown of very surety,  
But of thorns !'

If I find him, if I follow,  
What his guerdon here ?  
'Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
Many a tear.'

If I still hold closely to him,  
What hath he at last ?  
' Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,  
Jordan past.'

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is he sure to bless ?  
Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,  
Answer, ' Yes !'

144.

S 711.

' O COME ye heavy laden,  
By sin and shame opprest,  
Take now my yoke upon you,  
And I will give you rest !'  
Thus speaks the loving Master  
To weary hearts and sad :  
Ah ! learn of him, poor wanderer,  
And he will make thee glad.

' Come ; learn of me ye lowly,  
Ye simple ones and meek !'  
God casteth down the mighty  
And raiseth up the weak !  
The great despise His bounty,  
The proud reject His call,  
But on the poor in spirit  
His blessings softly fall.

' My yoke is ever easy,  
My burden still is light.'  
In sweet unselfish service  
The darkest path grows bright.

Forgetting thy own trouble  
To soothe another's pain,  
God lifts thy load of sorrow,  
And gives thee joy again.

'Come! enter ye the kingdom!  
Come! work while day is clear!'  
Seek some lost brother wandering  
In deserts dark and drear.  
Make glad the world around thee,  
Give freely of thy best;  
And while the kingdom brighteneth,  
God careth for the rest.

145.

B 632.

COME unto me, when shadows darkly gather,  
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,  
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father:  
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers  
were taken,  
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground;  
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to  
waken,  
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths  
are crowned,—

Large are the mansions in the Father's dwelling;  
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;  
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling;  
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly  
hymn.

There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,  
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely  
pressed :

Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,  
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

146.

S 505.

‘COME unto me!’ So spake the lowly one,  
Yearning in love o’er souls with care  
oppressed!

‘Weary and sad, here lay your burden down!  
Come unto me and I will give you rest.’

‘Come unto Me!’ still speaks the voice of God,  
Pleading in souls which wander all unblest;—

‘Seek ye the path My well-beloved trod!  
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!’

‘Come unto Me, all ye whose hearts are sore,  
Gaining the world, yet fevered with the quest;  
Take now the yoke My well-beloved bore:  
So shall ye find the secret of his rest.’

‘Come unto Me, all ye who know the smart,  
Angry and keen, by wounded pride confessed;  
Ask now of Me the meek and lowly heart;  
So midst the strife your souls shall ever rest.’

147.

B 90, 94.

O’ER the dark wave of Galilee  
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,  
And on the waters drearily  
Descends the fitful evening blast.

The weary bird hath left the air,  
And sunk into his sheltered nest;  
The wandering beast has sought his lair,  
And laid him down to welcome rest.

Still, near the lake, with weary tread,  
Lingers a form of human kind;  
And on his lone, unsheltered head,  
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

Why seeks he not a home of rest?  
Why seeks he not a pillowed bed?  
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest;  
He hath not where to lay his head.

Such was the lot he freely chose,  
To bless, to save the human race;  
And through his poverty there flows  
A rich full stream of heavenly grace.

148.

B 30

THE Saviour, what a noble flame  
Was kindled in his breast,  
When, hasting to Jerusalem,  
He marched before the rest!

Goodwill to men, and zeal for God,  
His every thought engross;  
He goes to be baptized with blood;  
He goes to meet the cross.

With all his sufferings full in view,  
And woes to us unknown,  
Forth to the task his spirit flew;  
'Twas love that urged him on.

And while his holy sorrows here  
Engage our wondering eyes,  
We learn our lighter cross to bear,  
And hasten to the skies.

149.

B 402.

**R**IDE on ! ride on in majesty !  
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry !  
Thy humble beast pursues his road,  
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
In lowly pomp ride on to die !  
O Christ ! thy triumphs now begin  
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
The wingèd squadrons of the sky  
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,  
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh :  
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain ;  
Then take, O Christ, thy power and reign !

150.

S 687.

**W**HEN my love to God grows weak,  
When for deeper faith I seek,  
Then in thought I go to thee,  
Garden of Gethsemane !

There I walk amid the shades,  
While the lingering twilight fades,  
See that suffering friendless one,  
Weeping, praying there alone.

When my love for man grows weak,  
When for stronger faith I seek :  
Hill of Calvary ! I go  
To thy scenes of fear and woe ; —

There behold his agony,  
Suffered on the bitter tree ;  
See his anguish, see his faith :  
Love triumphant still in death.

Then to life I turn again,  
Learning all the worth of pain,  
Learning all the might that lies  
In a full self-sacrifice.

151.

S 622.

A VOICE upon the midnight air,  
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,  
Weeps forth, in agony of prayer,  
' O Father ! take this cup away !'

Ah ! thou who sorrowest unto death,  
We conquer in thy mortal fray ;  
And earth, for all her children, saith,  
' O God ! take *not* this cup away !'

O Lord of sorrow ! meekly die :  
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe ;  
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh ;  
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

Great Chief of faithful souls ! arise ;  
None else can lead the martyr band,  
Who teach the brave how peril flies,  
When Faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

O King of earth ! the cross ascend ;  
O'er climes and ages 'tis thy throne ;  
Where'er thy fading eye may bend,  
The desert blooms, and is thine own.

152.

O 'ER Kedron's stream and Salem's height,  
And Olivet's brown steep,  
Moves the majestic queen of night  
And throws from heaven her silver light,  
And sees the world asleep ;—

All but the children of distress,  
Of sorrow, grief, and care,  
Whom sleep, though prayed for, will not bless ;  
These leave the couch of restlessness,  
To breathe the cool, calm air.

For those who shun the glare of day  
There's a composing power,  
That meets them, on their lonely way,  
In the still air, the sober ray,  
Of this religious hour.

'Tis a religious hour ;—for he  
Who many a grief shall bear  
In his own body on the tree,  
Is kneeling in Gethesame,  
In agony and prayer.



O Holy Father ! when the light  
Of earthy joys grows dim,  
May hope in Christ grow strong and bright,  
To all who kneel, in sorrow's night,  
In trust and prayer like him.

153.

B 360.

BEHOLD where, breathing love divine  
Our dying Master stands !  
His weeping followers, gathering round,  
Receive his last commands.  
From that mild teacher's parting lips  
What tender accents fell !  
The gentle precept which he gave  
Became its author well.  
'Blest is the man whose softening heart  
Feels all another's pain ;  
To whom the supplicating eye  
Was never raised in vain.  
'He spreads his kind supporting arms  
To every child of grief :  
His secret bounty largely flows,  
And brings unasked relief.  
'To gentle offices of love  
His feet are never slow ;  
He views through mercy's melting eye  
A brother in a foe.  
'Peace from the bosom of his God,  
My peace to him I give ;  
And when he kneels before the throne,  
His trembling soul shall live !'

‘REMEMBER me,’ the Saviour said,  
 On that forsaken night,  
 When from his side the nearest fled,  
 And death was close in sight.

Through all the following ages’ track  
 The world remembers yet ;  
 With love and longing gazes back,  
 And never can forget.

But none of us have seen his face,  
 Or heard the words he said ;  
 And none can now his looks retrace  
 In breaking of the bread.

Oh blest are they who have not seen,  
 And yet believe him still ;  
 Who trustfully upon him lean,  
 And meekly do his will.

We hear his word along our way,  
 We see his light above ;  
 Remember when we strive and pray,  
 Remember when we love.

BURDENED with anguish, who is he,  
 Wounded in hands and feet and side ?  
 Come ;—stand beneath the awful tree !—  
 Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

See where he droops, a thorn-crowned King ;  
 Hark how his foes his pangs deride ;  
 With scoffs the walls of Zion ring !—  
 Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

He who so loved, by hate is slain ;  
By those he served, with scorn denied !  
They curse—he blesses them again !—  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Ah ! hear that cry of bitterest woe,  
While heaven and earth in darkness hide !  
The failing breath comes faint and slow . . .  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Prophet of God ! thy strife is done,  
Yet shall thy love on earth abide,  
In us be thy great victory won,  
Since thou for us wert crucified.

156.

B 222

‘**I**T is finished !’ Man of sorrows !  
From thy cross our frailty borrows  
Strength to bear and conquer thus.

While exalted there we view thee ;  
Mighty sufferer ! draw us to thee ;  
Sufferer victorious !

Not in vain for us uplifted,  
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted,  
May that sacred emblem be ;

Lifted high amid the ages,  
Guide of heroes, saints and sages,  
May it guide us still to thee !

Still to thee, whose love unbounded  
Sorrow’s depths for us has sounded.  
Perfected by conflicts sore.

Honoured be thy cross for ever,  
Star, that points our high endeavour  
Whither thou hast gone before.

157.

B 204.

**I**N the cross of Christ I glory;  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me;  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory;  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,  
All the light of sacred story,  
Gathers round its head sublime.

158. †

B 110.

**O** REJOICE! 'tis Easter-tide!  
Fling the greetings far and wide,  
Earth awakens from her tomb!  
Spring has banished Winter's gloom.

O, rejoice with holy mirth !  
God renews the happy earth.  
Pray ! Perchance He will renew  
Heaven and earth in me and you !

O, rejoice ! 'tis Easter Day !  
Heaven and earth may pass away ;  
But the soul of man shall rise  
Spring-like in immortal skies !

What though icy-fingered Death  
Stills at last the fleeting breath ;  
Lo ! the spirit cleaves its way  
Through the darkness to the day !

Though with pangs of mortal pain  
Jesus, Son of Man, was slain,  
All unharmed of cruel foes,  
Jesus, Son of God, arose !

Sons of men, ye too shall weep,  
Shrinking from your mortal sleep !  
Sons of God, ye too shall rise,—  
God were faithless, otherwise !

O rejoice ! put care away !  
'Tis the Resurrection day !  
O rejoice ! from anguish free,  
Heirs of Immortality !

159.

S 729.

**O** THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,  
Who once appeared in humblest guise  
below,

Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,  
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe !

We look to thee ; thy truth is still the light  
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,  
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,  
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes ! thou art still the Life ; thou art the Way  
The holiest know ;—light, life and way of heaven !  
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,  
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast given.

160.

S 633.

JESUS has lived, and we would bring  
The world's glad thanks to-day,  
And at his feet, while anthems ring,  
A grateful offering lay.

Jesus has died ; but his pure life,  
So perfect and sublime,  
Remains to conquer sin and strife,  
In every age and clime.

Jesus yet lives : above, below,  
Triumphant over death ;  
And in his name we face each foe,  
And win the fight of faith.

Jesus yet lives ; and, oh, may we,  
While in this valley dim,  
So feel our glorious destiny  
That we may live like him.

161.

S 745.

JESUS, by thy simple beauty,  
By thy depth of love unknown,  
We are drawn to earnest duty,  
We come near the Father's throne !

When we read the thrilling pages  
Of that life so pure and true,  
Stars of Hope, across the ages,  
Rise in glory on our view.

Faith and Hope and Love shine o'er us ;  
Make our daily lives divine !  
Friend and Brother, gone before us,  
Be our thoughts and deeds like thine.

Thanks for ever, Heavenly Father,  
That when human eyes grow dim,  
And when shadows darkly gather,  
Shines a holy light through him.

162.

S 645.

O UR Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,  
What may thy service be ?  
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,  
But simply following thee.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,  
In differing phrase we pray ;  
But, dim or clear, we own in thee  
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

To do thy will is more than praise,  
As words are less than deeds ;  
And simple trust can find thy ways  
We miss with chart of creeds.

O Lord and Master of us all !  
Whate'er our name and sign,  
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,  
We test our lives by thine.

**A** MIDST the Babel-strife of earth,  
Which doomed thee once to anguished  
death,

Now myriad hearts record thy worth,  
O blessed Man of Nazareth !

Thy life of love, once laughed to scorn,  
Now leads the nations' deepest faith,  
Turning their night to fairest morn,  
O tender Man of Nazareth !

Where powers of evil work their will,  
And sins corrupt with poisonous breath,  
Thy righteous anger smites them still,  
O fearless Man of Nazareth !

When in our hours of dark distress  
'Where is thy God ?' the scoffer saith,  
Thou show'st the Father's faithfulness,  
O trustful Man of Nazareth !

Reformer ! Martyr ! Saint and Seer !  
Where'er God's kingdom brighteneth,  
There shall thy name be ever dear,  
O thorn-crowned Man of Nazareth !

**G** OD of Jesus ! hear me now,  
Take the meek disciple's vow ;  
Thou so good, so true, so kind,  
Fill me with Messiah's mind.



Plant and root, and fix in me  
Trust, as of a child, in Thee ;  
Settled peace I then shall find,  
Like Messiah's quiet mind.

Anger then I ne'er shall feel,  
Always even, always still ;  
Meekly on my God reclined,  
Like Messiah's gentle mind.

I shall suffer and fulfil  
All my gracious Father's will ;  
Be in every lot resigned,  
Like Messiah's patient mind.

When his faith is rooted here,  
Perfect love shall cast out fear ;  
Fear doth servile spirits bind ;  
Not Messiah's noble mind.

Lowly, loving, meek and pure,  
May I to the end endure !  
Be through suffering still refined ;  
Like Messiah's perfect mind.

165.

WE covenant with hand and heart  
To follow Christ our Lord ;  
With world, and sin, and self to part,  
And to obey his word :  
To love each other heartily,  
In truth and in sincerity ;  
And under cross, reproach, and shame,  
To glorify his holy name.

**O** SPIRIT of the living God !  
 In all thy plenitude of grace,  
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
 Descend on our benighted race.  
 Be darkness at thy coming light ;  
 Confusion, order in thy path :  
 Souls without strength inspire with might ;  
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.  
 O spirit of the Lord ! prepare  
 All the round earth her God to meet ;  
 Breathe thou abroad like morning air,  
 Till hearts of stone begin to beat.  
 Baptize the nations : far and nigh  
 The triumphs of the cross record ;  
 Thy name, O Father, glorify,  
 Till every kindred call Thee Lord.

**H**OLY Spirit, Truth divine !  
 Dawn upon this soul of mine ;  
 Word of God and Inward Light !  
 Wake my spirit, clear my sight.  
 Holy Spirit, Love divine !  
 Glow within this heart of mine ;  
 Kindle every high desire,  
 Perish self in thy pure fire !  
 Holy Spirit, Power divine !  
 Fill and nerve this will of mine ;  
 By thee may I strongly live,  
 Bravely bear and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine !  
King within my conscience reign ;  
Be my Law, and I shall be  
Firmly bound, for ever free.

Holy Spirit, Peace divine !  
Still this restless heart of mine ;  
Speak to calm this tossing sea,  
Stayed in thy tranquility.

168.

S 656.

SPIRIT divine ! attend our prayer  
And make our hearts thy home ;  
Descend with all thy gracious power ;  
Come, Holy Spirit, come !

Come as the light ; to waiting minds,  
That long the truth to know,  
Reveal the narrow path of right,  
The way of duty show.

Come as the fire ; enkindle now  
The sacrificial flame,  
Till our whole souls an offering be  
In love's redeeming name.

Come as the dew : on hearts that pine  
Descend in this still hour,  
Till every barren place shall own  
With joy thy quickening power.

Come as the wind ; sweep clean away  
What dead within us lies,  
And search and freshen all our souls  
With living energies.

**H**ATH not thy heart within thee burned,  
 At evening's calm and holy hour,  
 As if its inmost depths discerned  
 The presence of a loftier power ?

Hast thou not heard 'mid forest glades,  
 While ancient rivers murmured by,  
 A voice from forth the eternal shades,  
 That spake a present Deity ?

And, as upon some storied page  
 Thine eye in wrapt attention turned,  
 O'er records of a holier age,  
 Hath not thy heart within thee burned ?

It was the voice of God that spake  
 In silence to thy silent heart ;  
 And bade each worthier thought awake,  
 And every dream of earth depart.

Voice of our God, oh yet be near !  
 In low, sweet accents whisper peace ;  
 Direct us on our pathway here,  
 Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease.

**R**EVEAL Thy truth, O Lord !  
 The truth that sets us free ;  
 And let Thy hallowed word  
 Be more than liberty.

Be Truth a kindling fire  
 To set our hearts aflame,  
 That we, with great desire,  
 May glorify Thy name.

Thy Truth be meat and drink  
To strengthen us each day,  
Lest we should fear and shrink  
When danger bars the way.

Thy Truth be sword and shield  
To arm us for the fight,  
That we may never yield  
When battling for the Right.

Thy Truth sweet succour give  
When shadows round us lie ;  
Uphold us while we live,  
And bless us when we die !

171.

S 667

COME, Kingdom of our God !  
Sweet reign of light and love !  
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,  
And wisdom from above.

Over our spirits first  
Extend thy healing reign ;  
There raise and quench the sacred thirst  
That never pains again.

Come, Kingdom of our God !  
And make the broad earth thine ;  
Stretch o'er the lands and isles the rod  
That flowers with grace divine.

Soon may all tribes be blest  
With fruit from life's glad tree ;  
And in its shade like brothers rest,  
Sons of one family.

Come, Kingdom of our God !  
And raise thy glorious throne  
In worlds by the undying trod,  
Where God shall bless His own.

172.

S 645.

**W**E wait in faith, in prayer we wait,  
Until the happy hour  
When God shall ope the morning gate  
By His almighty power.

We wait in faith, and turn our face  
To where the daylight springs ;  
Till He shall come earth's gloom to chase,  
With healing on His wings.

And even now, amid the grey,  
The east is brightening fast,  
And kindling to that perfect day  
Which never shall be past.

We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,  
Till that blest day shall shine,  
When earth shall fruits of Eden bear,  
And all, O God ! be Thine.

O guide us till our night is done !  
Until, from shore to shore,  
Thou, Lord, our everlasting Sun,  
Art shining evermore !

‘**T**HY kingdom come!’ O Lord, we daily cry,  
Weary and sad with earth’s long strife  
and pain!

‘How long, O Lord!’ Thy suffering children  
sigh,

‘Speed Thou the dawn, and o’er the nations  
reign!’

Thy kingdom come! then all the din of war  
Like some dark dream shall vanish with the  
night!

Peace, holy peace, her myriad gifts shall pour,  
Resting secure from danger and affright.

Thy kingdom come! no more shall deeds of  
shame

Brutish and base, destroy the soul divine:  
Bright with Thy love’s all-purifying flame  
Thy human temples evermore shall shine!

Thy kingdom come! mad greed for wealth and  
power

No more shall grind the weaklings in the dust;  
Then mind and strength shall share Thy ample  
dower,

Brothers in Thee, and one in equal trust.

Thy kingdom come! then shall Thy blessed will

Rule all the souls in Thy fair image made:  
Angels and men Thy every thought fulfil;

In earth and heaven Thy mandates be obeyed.

**W**HEN wilt Thou save Thy people?  
 O God of mercy ! when ?  
 Not kings and lords, but nations !  
 Not thrones and crowns, but men !  
 Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they !  
 Let them not pass, like weeds, away—  
 Their heritage a sunless day !  
 God save the People !

Shall crime bring crime for ever,  
 Strength aiding still the strong ?  
 Is it Thy will, O Father,  
 That man shall toil for wrong ?  
 ‘No,’ say Thy mountains ; ‘No,’ Thy skies ;  
 ‘Man’s clouded sun shall brightly rise,  
 And songs ascend instead of sighs !’  
 God save the People !

When wilt Thou save the People ?  
 O God of mercy, when ?  
 The People, Lord, the People !  
 Not thrones and crowns, but men ?  
 God save the People ! Thine they are,  
 Thy children, as Thy angels fair ;  
 Save them from bondage and despair !  
 God save the People !

**A**LL men are equal in their birth,  
 Heirs of the earth and skies ;  
 All men are equal when that earth  
 Fades from their dying eyes.



All wait alike on Him whose power  
Upholds the life He gave ;  
The sage within his star-lit tower,  
The savage in his cave.

God meets the throngs who pay their vows  
In courts their hands have made,  
And hears the worshipper who bows  
Beneath the plantain-shade.

'Tis man alone who difference sees,  
And speaks of high and low ;  
And worships those, and tramples these,  
While the same path they go.

Oh, let man hasten to restore  
To all their rights of love !  
In power and wealth exult no more ;  
In wisdom lowly move.

Ye great ! renounce your earth-born pride ;  
Ye low ! your shame and fear :  
Live, as ye worship, side by side ;  
Your brotherhood revere.

176.

B 29.

WHO is thy neighbour ? He whom thou  
Hast power to aid or bless ;  
Whose aching heart or burning brow  
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour ? 'Tis the fainting poor  
Whose eye with want is dim :  
Oh, enter thou his humble door  
With aid and peace for him.

Thy neighbour? He who drinks the cup  
When sorrow drowns the brim :  
With words of high, sustaining hope  
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour? Pass no mourner by :  
Perhaps thou **canst** redeem  
A breaking heart from misery :  
Go, share thy lot with him.

177.

S 645.

**T**HINK gently of the erring one ;  
O, let us not forget,  
However darkly stained by sin,  
He is our brother yet !

Heir of the same inheritance,  
Child of the selfsame God,  
He hath but fallen in the path  
We have in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring ones !  
We yet may lead them back,  
With holy words and tones of love  
From misery's thorny track.

Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,  
And sinful yet may'st be ;  
Deal gently with the erring heart,  
As God has dealt with thee.

178.

B 633

O BROTHER man, fold to thy heart thy  
brother;

For where love dwells the peace of God is  
there;

To worship rightly is to love each other ;

Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example

Of him whose holy work was doing good :

So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple

Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

179.

B 99.

O LORD ! lift up Thy countenance  
Upon Thy church, and own us Thine

Impart to us Thy peace divine,

Thy blessing unto all dispense.

Thy mercy is our only stay ;

Direct us by Thy holy word :

Thy spirit's light to us afford ;

Preserve us lest we go astray.

O Well of life ! we pant for Thee ;

In copious streams Thy thirsty flock

Desires to drink from Thee, the Rock,

And thirst no more eternally.

180.

S 656

CITY of God, how broad and far  
Outspread thy walls sublime !

The true thy chartered freemen are,

Of every age and clime.

One holy church, one army strong,  
One steadfast high intent,  
One faith and work, one harvest-song,  
One King Omnipotent !

How purely hath thy speech come down  
From man's primeval youth !  
How grandly hath thine empire grown  
Of Freedom, Love, and Truth !

How gleam thy watchfires through the night  
With never-failing ray !  
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,  
To meet the dawning day !

In vain the surges' angry shock,  
In vain the drifting sands ;  
Unharm'd, upon the Eternal Rock,  
The Eternal City stands !

181.

B 367.

ONE holy Church of God appears  
Through every age and race,  
Unwasted by the lapse of years,  
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,  
Beneath the pine or palm,  
One Unseen Presence she adores,  
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,  
To serve the world raised up ;  
The pure in heart her baptized ones,  
Love, her communion cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,  
The soul her sacred page ;  
And feet on mercy's errand swift  
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church ! thine errand speed ;  
Fulfil thy task sublime !  
With bread of life earth's hunger feed ;  
Redeem the evil time !

182.

S 615.

**L**ORD from whom all blessings flow,  
Perfecting the church below !  
Steadfast may we cleave to Thee  
Love the mystic union be.  
Join our faithful spirits, join  
Each to each, and all to Thine,  
Lead us through the paths of peace  
On to perfect holiness.

Move, and actuate, and guide,  
Divers gifts to each divide ;  
Placed according to Thy will,  
Let us all our work fulfil :  
Never from our office move ;  
Needful to each other prove :  
Use the grace on each bestowed,  
Tempered by the art of God.

Sweetly may we all agree,  
Touched with softest sympathy ;  
There is neither bond nor free ;  
Great nor servile, Lord, in Thee .

Love, like death, hath all destroyed,  
Rendered all distinctions void !  
Names and sects and parties fall :  
Thou, O God, art all in all !

183.

B 368

THE faithful men of every land  
Who Christ's own rule obey,  
The holy dead of every time,  
The Church of Christ are they ;  
The saints who die and leave us now,  
The good of long ago,  
Women and men, and children young,  
Still living here below ;  
Who have the same eternal hope,  
The same unceasing care,  
One universal hymn of praise,  
One general voice of prayer.  
Since we are members then, of Christ,  
How holy should we be !  
How grow in likeness to our Head,  
In truth and purity.  
Since we are all made one in him,  
How gentle should we prove !  
How peaceful in our ways and words ;  
How tender in our love.  
So shall the spirit of our Lord  
Dwell in his members blest,  
So lead us in his church on earth,  
Safe to his church at rest.

COME let us join with faithful souls  
Our song of faith to sing ;  
One brotherhood in heart are we,  
And one our Lord and King.

Faithful are all who love the truth  
And dare the truth to tell,  
Who steadfast stand at God's right hand  
And strive to serve Him well.

And faithful are the gentle hearts  
To whom the power is given,  
Of every heart to make a home,  
Of every home a heaven.

Oh mighty host ! no tongue can tell  
The numbers of its throng ;  
No words can sound the music vast  
Of its grand battle song.

From step to step it wins its way  
Against the hosts of sin,  
Part of the battlefield is won,  
And part is yet to win.

Then join with faithful heart and strong,  
And bravely onward go ;  
The triumphs that await us yet  
Are greater than we know.

THE saints on earth and those above  
But one communion make ;  
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,  
All of his grace partake.

One family, we dwell in him,  
One church above, beneath ;  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,  
To His command we bow :  
Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.

Lo ! thousands to their endless home  
Are swiftly borne away ;  
And we are to the margin come,  
And soon must launch as they.

O God ! be Thou our constant guide :  
Then when Thy word is given,  
Shall death's cold flood its waves divide  
And land us safe in heaven.

186. †

S 688.

SPRING is here, and o'er the earth  
Bud and blossom come to birth :  
Oh, rejoice ; from winter's tomb  
Life shines forth to banish gloom.

Gentle winds and sunny skies  
Bid all sleeping things arise :  
Nature wakes in glorious power ;  
'Tis her resurrection hour !

Lord ! I would that I might know,  
Like the earth, Thy kindling glow :  
Would that breathings of Thy love  
Might my soul to rapture move !



Oh, that my hard, wintry heart  
Might to life and beauty start;  
Putting forth from every shoot  
Bud and flower and glowing fruit.

All things thrill with life divine:  
Lord! within my bosom shine,  
Till in that blest land I sing,  
Where 'tis everlasting spring!

187.

S 673.

SOW in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thy hand;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
Broadcast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,  
The highway furrows stock;  
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,  
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,  
Expect not here nor there;  
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found;  
Go forth then, everywhere.

And duly shall appear  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain  
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain,  
For garners in the sky.

WE plough the fields, and scatter  
The good seed on the land ;  
But it is fed and watered  
By God's almighty hand ;  
He sends the snow in winter ;  
The warmth to swell the grain,  
The breezes, and the sunshine,  
And soft refreshing rain.

*All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heaven above :  
Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord,  
For all His love !*

He only is the Maker  
Of all things near and far :  
He paints the wayside flower ;  
He lights the evening star ;  
The winds and waves obey Him ;  
By Him the birds are fed ;  
Much more to us, His children,  
He gives our daily bread.

We thank Thee, then, O Father,  
For all things bright and good :  
The seed-time and the harvest,  
Our life, our health, our food.  
Accept the gifts we offer  
For all Thy love imparts ;  
And—what Thou most desirest—  
Our humble, thankful hearts.

**T**HE God of glory walks His round,  
From day to day, from year to year,  
And warns us each with awful sound,  
‘No longer stand ye idle here!’

Ye whose young cheeks are rosy bright,  
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,  
Waste not of hope the morning light :  
Ah fools, why stand ye idle here?

O, as the griefs you would assuage,  
That wait on life’s declining year,  
Secure a blessing for your age,  
And work your Maker’s business here!

And ye, whose locks of scanty grey  
Foretell your latest travail near,  
How swiftly fades your worthless day !  
And stand ye yet so idle here?

One hour remains, there is but one !  
But many a cry and many a tear  
Too late the bitter guilt must mourn  
Of moments lost and wasted here!

O Thou, by all Thy works adored !  
To whom the sinner’s soul is dear,  
Recall us to Thy vineyard, Lord !  
And grant us grace to please Thee here !

**B**ACKWARD looking o’er the past,  
Forward too with eager gaze,  
Stand we here to-day O God,  
At the parting of the ways.

Tenderest thoughts our bosoms fill ;  
Memories, all bright and fair,  
Seem to float, on spirit wings,  
Downward through the silent air.

Hark ! through all their music sweet,  
Hear you not a voice of cheer ?  
'Tis the voice of Hope, which sings,  
' Happy be the coming year. '

Father ! comes that voice from Thee,  
Swells it with Thy meaning vast—  
Good in all Thy future stored,  
Fairer than in all the past.

191.

S 686.

**A**LL before us lies the way ;  
Give the past unto the wind :  
All before us is the day ;  
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden with its angels bold,  
Love, and flowers, and coolest sea,  
Is not ancient story told,  
But a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,  
In the passions tame and kind,  
Innocence from selfish care,  
The real Eden we shall find.

When the soul to sin hath died,  
True and beautiful and sound,  
Then all earth is sanctified,  
Up springs Paradise around.

Then shall come the Eden-days,  
Guardian watch from seraph-eyes,  
Angels on the slanting rays,  
Voices from the opening skies.

From this spirit-land afar  
All disturbing force shall flee ;  
Stir nor toil, nor hope shall mar  
Its immortal unity.

192.

**T**HERE is no unbelief !  
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,  
And waits to see it push away the clod,  
Trusts he in God !

There is no unbelief !  
Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,  
'Be patient, heart ; light breaketh by and by !'  
Trusts the Most High.

There is no unbelief !  
Whoever sees, 'neath winter's field of snow,  
The silent harvest of the future grow,  
God's power must know.

There is no unbelief !  
Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,  
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,  
Knows God will keep.

There is no unbelief !  
Whoever says, 'To-morrow,' 'The unknown,'  
'The future,' trusts that steadfast power alone  
He daren't disown.

There is no unbelief!  
The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,  
And dares to live when life has only woes,  
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief!  
And day by day and night, unconsciously,  
The heart lives by that faith, the lips deny,  
God knoweth why!

193.

B 208.

**H**ALLELUJAH! best and sweetest  
Of the hymns of praise above!  
Hallelujah! thou repeatest,  
Angel-host, these notes of love;  
This ye utter,  
While your golden harps ye move.

Hallelujah! church victorious,  
Join the concert of the sky!  
Hallelujah! bright and glorious,  
Lift, ye saints, the strain on high!  
We, poor exiles,  
Join not yet your melody.

Hallelujah! strains of gladness  
Comfort not the faint and worn;  
Hallelujah! sounds of sadness  
Best become the heart forlorn:  
Our offences  
We with bitter tears must mourn.

But our earnest supplication,  
Holy God ! we raise to Thee :  
Visit us with Thy salvation,  
Make us all Thy peace to see :  
Hallelujah!  
Ours at length the strain shall be.

194. †

A 266.

RING evermore, ye blessed bells of heaven,  
Ring on, ring on !  
In notes of joy like songs of souls forgiven,  
Ring sweetly on !  
Speak to our hearts, dear bells, in music low,  
Like far-off chimes mid evening's fading glow !

Ring, bells of Faith ! From mountain summit  
bright,  
Ring on, ring on !  
Through blinding doubts, through sin's despair-  
ing night,  
Ring sweetly on.

Oft from our way o'er barren wastes we roam,—  
Ring, bells of Faith, and guide us safely home.

Ring, bells of Hope ! when life is sad and drear,  
Ring on, ring on !  
Through days of gloom, in chimings soft and  
clear,  
Ring sweetly on.

Breathe dreams of peace o'er midnight hours  
of pain,  
Till morning dawns, and gladness wakes again !

Ring, bells of Love! Till heaven's fair glories  
shine,  
Ring on, ring on!  
Wide o'er the world, in melody divine,  
Ring sweetly on!  
Through death's dark vale your chime shall  
cheer the way  
And lead us on to realms of endless day!

195.

*The Bible.*

S 633.

LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace  
Our path when wont to stray;  
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,  
Brook by the travellers' way:

Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,  
True manna from on high;  
Our guide and chart, wherein we read  
Of realms beyond the sky.

Pillar of fire through watches dark,  
And radiant cloud by day;  
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,  
Our anchor and our stay.

Light from the everlasting God;  
From age to age more clear;  
By thee may earth be nobly trod,  
And heaven itself draw near!

Lord! grant us all aright to learn  
The wisdom it imparts;  
And to its heavenly teaching turn  
With simple, child-like hearts.



‘O let the children come to me!’  
The gentle Teacher said,  
And laid his hand right lovingly  
Upon each infant head.

‘Forbid them not!’ Yet age by age  
The evil moods of man,  
His deadly lust and cruel rage  
The helpless sucklings ban!

How can they come, when pride and greed  
Surround their budding years;  
When force and fraud, and grinding need,  
Bedew their path with tears!

How can they come, when fashion smiles  
On folly and pretence;  
When smooth hypocrisy defiles  
The soul of innocence.

‘O let the children come to me!’  
In vain the Master pleads,  
While day and night the children see  
The world’s unholy deeds.

‘Woe unto him who turns astray,  
One little one forlorn!’  
‘Twere better, in that evil day,  
He never had been born!’

O brother! sister! clear and true  
Comes down this word of yore.—  
Lead where the babes may follow you!  
The Master asks no more!

TO Thee, O God in heaven,  
 The little ones we bring,  
 We give to Thee what Thou hast given,  
 Our dearest offering.

Into a world of toil  
 Their little feet will roam,  
 Where sin their purity may soil,  
 Where care and grief may come.

O then let Thy pure love,  
 With influence serene,  
 Come down like showers from above,  
 To freshen and make clean.

198.

*Marriage.*

B 624.

FATHER! we thank Thee that through  
 every land  
 The voice of bride and bridegroom still is  
 heard:—

Bless now Thy children who before Thee stand  
 Plighting their faith with holy heart and word.

Bless Thou their love, that it may keep them still  
 Two souls in one, and both at one with Thee,  
 Living or dying, through all good or ill,  
 Through health or sickness, wealth or poverty.

Keep Thou their home a shrine of purest joy,  
 Where happy hearts, as days and years increase,  
 Blessing and blest in Thy divine employ,  
 Shall ever shelter, hallowed by Thy peace.

Bless them in life, in death, in endless years,  
With all Thou givest them to keep for Thee:  
And through the rainbow light of smiles and  
tears,  
Give them, good Lord, Thine own felicity.

199. 

B 360.

‘GIVE us each day our daily bread,’  
In childlike trust we pray;  
And Thou each hungering soul hast fed  
From Thy full board to-day.

For sorrow Thou hast given a balm,  
For swift temptation, aid :  
Our stormy souls once more are calm,  
Our wandering steps are stayed.

The holy words our ears have heard,  
By saints and prophets given,  
Within our silent hearts have stirred  
The music sweet of heaven.

Our night has turned to sunny noon  
Beneath Thy quickening ray:  
Life seems again a wondrous boon  
Since Thou hast blessed our way.

With strength renewed, the path divine  
We trace with willing feet,  
And bless Thee for this Bread of Thine;  
This Living Water sweet.

**D**AY by day the manna fell ;  
 Oh to learn this lesson well !  
 Still by constant mercy fed,  
 Give us Lord our daily bread.  
 ‘ Day by day,’ the promise reads,  
 Daily strength for daily needs ;  
 Cast foreboding fear away,  
 Take the manna of to-day.  
 Thou our daily task shalt give ;  
 Day by day to Thee we live ;  
 So shall added years fulfil,  
 Not our own, our Father’s will.  
 O to live exempt from care,  
 By the energy of prayer ;  
 Strong in faith, with mind subdued,  
 Yet elate with gratitude !

**A**ND now the wants are told that brought  
 Thy children to Thy knee ;  
 Here lingering still, we ask for nought,  
 But simply worship Thee.  
 For Thou art God, the One, the Same,  
 O’er all things high and bright ;  
 And round us, when we speak Thy name  
 There spreads a heaven of light.  
 Oh, wondrous peace, in thought to dwell  
 On excellence divine ;  
 To know that nought in man can tell  
 How fair Thy beauties shine.

Oh Thou, above all blessing blest,  
O'er thanks exalted far,  
Thy very greatness is a rest  
To weaklings as we are.

For when we feel the praise of Thee  
A task beyond our powers,  
We say—a perfect God is He,  
And He is fully ours.

202. †

S 431.

OUR hymns are sung, our prayers are said ;  
Once more we homeward wend our ways,  
And some have eaten heavenly bread,  
And some have soared on wings of praise.

Yet, Lord, we leave Thee not behind,  
As from our house of prayer we go ;  
Thy presence in the world we find,  
When here Thy love we learn to know.

Here we have heavenward raised our eyes ;  
Again to earth our thoughts descend :  
O let the glory of Thy skies  
With earthly joys and sorrows blend.

Our homes be brightened by Thy smile ;  
Our work be done as unto Thee :  
Let no dark thought our mirth defile ;  
No sin enslave our liberty.

So grant us, Father, that each spot  
May catch the sunlight of Thy face ;  
And whatso'er may be our lot  
Let it be hallowed by Thy grace.

WHILE here as wandering sheep we stray,  
 Teach us, O teach us, Lord, Thy way!  
 Dispose our hearts with sacred awe  
 To love Thy word, to keep Thy law.

Great Source of light to all below!  
 Teach us Thy holy will to know;  
 Teach us to read Thy word aright  
 And make it our supreme delight.

Maker, Instructor, Judge of all!  
 O hear us when on Thee we call!  
 Preserve us in Thy holy ways,  
 And teach our hearts to speak Thy praise.

AND what though now we part,—  
 To different homes repair,—  
 Inseparably joined in heart,  
 Thy love unites us there!

Still let our heart and mind,  
 O Lord, to Thee ascend,  
 That haven of repose to find,  
 Where all our labours end!

Where all our toils are o'er,  
 Our sufferings and our pain:—  
 Who meet on that eternal shore  
 Shall never part again.

O happy, happy place,  
Where saints and angels meet!  
There we shall see each other's face,  
And all our brethren greet.

Then all our time beneath  
We'll live in cheerful hope,  
And fearless pass the vale of death,  
And gain the mountain's top.

205.

M 49.

STILL with Thee, O my God!  
I would desire to be:  
By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
I would be still with Thee:—  
With Thee, amid the crowd  
That throngs the busy mart,  
To hear Thy voice, mid clamour loud,  
Speak softly to my heart:  
With Thee, when day is done,  
And evening calms the mind:  
The setting as the rising sun  
With Thee my heart would find:  
With Thee when darkness brings  
The signal of repose;  
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings  
Mine eyelids I would close;  
With Thee, in Thee by faith  
Abiding would I be;  
By day, by night, in life, in death,  
I would be still with Thee.

**T**HE Lord be with us as we bend  
 His blessing to receive ;  
 His gift of peace on us descend  
 Before His courts we leave !

The Lord be with us as we walk  
 Along our homeward road ;  
 In silent thought or friendly talk  
 Our hearts be near to God !

The Lord be with us till the night  
 Enfold our day of rest ;  
 Be He of every heart the Light,  
 Of every home the Guest !

The Lord be with us through the hours  
 Of slumber calm and deep ;  
 Protect our homes, renew our powers,  
 And guard His people's sleep !

**L**ORD! dismiss us with Thy blessing ;  
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;  
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,  
 Still in holiness increase :  
 O sustain us  
 Till the day of conflict cease :

Thanks we give and adoration  
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound :  
 May the fruits of Thy salvation  
 In our hearts and lives abound.

May Thy presence  
 With us evermore be found !



**N**OT on this day, O God, alone,  
 Would we Thy presence seek ;  
 But fain its hallowing power would own  
 Through all the coming week.

If calm and bright its moments prove,  
 Untouched by pain or woe,  
 May they reflect a thankful love  
 To Thee, from whom they flow.

Or should they bring us griefs severe  
 Still may we lean on Thee,  
 And though our eyes let fall the tear,  
 At peace our spirits be.

In every scene, or dark, or bright,  
 Thy favour may we seek ;  
 And, oh, do Thou direct us right  
 Through all the coming week.

**F**ATHER, let Thy benediction,  
 Gently falling as the dew,  
 And Thy ever gracious presence,  
 Bless us all our journey through :  
 May we ever  
 Keep the end of life in view.

When temptations shall assail us,  
 When we falter by the way,  
 Let Thine arm of strength defend us—  
 Father, hear us when we pray :  
 Thou art mighty,  
 Be Thou then our rock and stay.

Praise and blessing, power and glory,  
Shall be rendered, Lord, to Thee;  
For the news of Thy salvation  
Shall extend from sea to sea.  
All the nations  
Joyfully shall worship Thee.

210.

B 115.

**S**LOWLY by Thy hand unfurled,  
Down around the weary world,  
Falls the darkness; O how still  
Is the working of Thy will.

Mighty Maker! here am I  
Work in me as silently;  
Veil the day's distracting sights,  
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

Holy Truth, Eternal Right,  
Let them break upon my sight;  
Let them shine, serene and still,  
And with light my being fill.

Thou who dwellest there, I know  
Dwellest here within me too;  
May the perfect peace of God  
Here, as there, be shed abroad.

Let my life attuned be  
To the heavenly harmony,  
Which, beyond the power of sound,  
Fills the universe around

**W**HEN the light of day is waning,  
 When the night is dark and drear,  
 God of love in stillness reigning,  
 Teach me to believe Thee near.

When my heart is faint and drooping,  
 When my faith is weak and cold ;  
 Kindly to my weakness stooping,  
 Draw me upwards as of old.

Nearer to the peace unbroken,  
 Nearer to the changeless calm,  
 All my wish a prayer unspoken,  
 All my life a silent psalm.

Teach me to abide in patience  
 All the little storms of time,  
 Making every day's temptations  
 Steps for faltering feet to climb.

Let me find Thee in my sorrow,  
 Nor forget Thee in my joy ;  
 And from Thee my sunshine borrow,  
 And by Thee my gloom destroy.

God of day, the dark dispelling,  
 Guide, Redeemer, Father, Friend ;  
 God of Love, in stillness dwelling,  
 Lead me to my journey's end.

**S**UN of my soul, for ever near !  
 It is not night if Thou be here ;  
 Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,  
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes !

When round Thy wondrous works below  
My searching rapturous glance I throw,  
Let not my heart within me burn,  
Except in all I Thee discern.

Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice divine—  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor,  
With blessings from Thy boundless store;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night  
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take;  
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

213.

B 115.

FATHER, now our prayer is said,  
Lay Thy hand upon our head:  
Pleasures pass from day to day,  
But we know that Love will stay.

While we sleep it will be near;  
We shall wake and find it here;  
We shall feel it in the air,  
When we say our morning prayer.

And when things are sad and wrong,  
Then we know that Love is strong ;  
When we ache or when we weep,  
Then we know that Love is deep.

Love is old and Love is new ;  
Love outlasteth, firm and true :  
And the Lord who made it thus,  
Did it in His love for us.

214.

B 550.

**H**OLIEST ! breathe an evening blessing  
Ere repose our spirits seal :  
Sin and want we come confessing,  
Thou can'st save, and Thou can'st heal.

Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrow past us fly,  
Angel-guards from Thee surround us ;  
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;  
Thou art He, who, never weary,  
Watchest where Thy people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
And our couch become our tomb ;  
May the morn in heaven awake us,  
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

215.

S 731.

**A**BIDE with me, fast falls the eventide :  
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide ;  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;  
Change and decay in all around I see ;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me !

I need Thy presence every passing hour :  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?  
Who like Thyself, my guide and stay can be ?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me !

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;  
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness ;  
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me !

Come then in light before my closing eyes !  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the  
    skies !  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
    shadows flee ;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !

216.

S 614 2nd.

THE old, old story ! yet I kneel  
    To tell it at Thy call ;  
And cares grow lighter as I feel  
    My Father knows them all.  
Yes, all ! the morning and the night,  
    The joy, the grief, the loss,  
The roughened path, the sunbeam bright,  
    The hourly thorn and cross.

He knows it all : I lean my head,  
My weary eyelids close ;  
Content and glad awhile to tread  
The path my Father knows.  
And He has loved me ! All my heart  
With answering love is stirred ;  
My cares are His ! my pain and smart  
Find healing in the word.

So still I lay me down to rest,  
As nightly shadows fall,  
And lean confiding on His breast  
Who knows and pities all.  
Who holds the morrows, far and near,  
Within His love alway :  
Let come what will, He bends to hear  
The story, day by day.

217.

S 628

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light ;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings !  
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

O let my soul on Thee repose,  
And with sweet sleep my eyelids close  
Sleep that may me more vigorous make  
To work Thy will when I awake.

Teach me to live that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
With joy behold the endless day.

M 2

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him, ye heavenly hosts above!  
Praise Him, my soul, for all His love.

218.

S 656.

**A**S darker, darker, fall around  
The shadows of the night,  
We gather here with hymn and prayer,  
To seek the Eternal Light.

Father in heaven, to Thee are known  
Our many hopes and fears,  
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,  
Our bitterness of tears.

We pray Thee for our absent ones  
Who have been with us here;  
And in our secret heart we name  
The distant and the dear.

For weary eyes and aching hearts,  
And feet that from Thee rove;  
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,  
We pray Thee, God of love.

We bring to Thee our hopes and fears,  
And at Thy footstool lay;  
And Father, Thou who lovest all,  
Wilt hear us as we pray.

219.

S 617.

**M**ILLIONS within Thy courts have been;  
Millions this day have bent the knee;  
But Thou, soul-searching God, hast seen  
The hearts of all that worshipped Thee.



And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,  
Hath failed this day some suit to gain !  
To those in trouble Thou wert nigh ;  
Not one hath sought Thy face in vain.

Thy poor were bountifully fed ;  
Thy chastened sons have kissed the rod ;  
Thy mourners have been comforted ;  
The pure in heart have seen their God.

Yet one prayer more ;—and be it one  
In which both heaven and earth agree :  
Here may Thy perfect will be done,  
Till there we find our rest in Thee !

220.

GOD that madest earth and heaven,  
Darkness and light !  
Who the day for toil hast given,  
For rest the night !  
May Thine angel-guard defend us,  
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us !  
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
This livelong night.

*Vesper Verse.*

Lord, keep us safe this night  
Secure from all our fears :  
O bless and guard us while we sleep  
Till morning light appears !

## Sacred Songs.

*Hymns marked (\*) have been altered. Those marked (+) are original. The tunes are all in 'Sacred Songs and Solos.'*

221.†

226.

**A** BLESSING for you,—will you take it?  
Choose ye to-day!

A choice to be made,—will you make it?  
Choose ye to-day!

Earth has its glory, its pomp and its pride;—  
Heaven has its peace that shall ever abide!

'Twixt Christ and Barrabas ye all must decide;  
Choose ye to-day!

The gospel of Christ,—will you hear it?  
Choose ye to-day;

The yoke that he bore,—will you bear it?—  
Choose ye to-day!

Live for the world, and its slaves ye shall be!  
Live for the Truth, and in Truth ye are free!—  
Follow the Lord and his joy ye shall see:  
Choose ye to-day!

The service of God,—will you seek it?  
Choose ye to-day!

The service of God,—will you speak it?  
Choose ye to-day!

God offers life that for ever shall spring:—  
Why to the world's fleeting joys would ye cling?  
How can ye tell what to-morrow may bring!—  
Choose ye to-day!

**A**RISE, arise ye people ;  
 Shake off the curse of sin  
 Break every bond of evil,  
 Till heaven on earth begin.  
 The Lord is ever calling  
 To heavenly life above !  
**O**, rise in strength, and conquer  
 By His redeeming love.

Arise, arise ye people ;  
 Why will ye sin and die,  
 When God still offers pardon,  
 And grace is ever nigh ?  
 Why wreck your souls in folly  
 On sin's deceitful shore !  
 Arise, and battle onward,  
 The strife will soon be o'er.

Arise, arise ye people,  
 Break loose each earthly chain ;  
 Curb every wanton passion,  
 And bid proud lust refrain !  
 Proclaim the Lord's dominion  
 O'er land, and isle, and sea,  
 Till God's glad kingdom cometh,  
 And every soul is free.

**A**S one by one we fall asleep,  
 And loving hearts around us weep,  
 We strive to pierce the shadows dark and deep  
 That round the valley dwell.

In vain we gaze with longing eyes,  
In vain our faith for vision cries,  
The bliss that waits beyond the radiant skies  
No mortal tongue can tell.

The weary heart cries out for rest ;  
The burdened soul with cares oppress  
Still sadly yearns to seek a Father's breast,  
Where grief can never dwell.  
Yet while we trust a rest remains,  
Secure from earthly tears and pains,  
The joyous rapture of angelic strains  
No mortal tongue can tell.

In wisdom God has clouded o'er  
The brightness of the heavenly shore,  
Where angel hosts His endless love adore,  
And songs of triumph swell.  
But one by one we take our flight,  
Where trembling faith is lost in sight,  
Then gladly wakened to the glory bright  
Its joy our song shall tell.

224.†

210.

**B**E still, restless heart ! why so burdened  
with care ?

The Lord all thy way doth control ;  
Then rest in His love, and in gladness declare,  
‘ It is well ! it is well, O my soul ! ’

*It is well . . . . O my soul . . . .*  
*It is well, it is well, O my soul.*

Though tempests arise and the heavens are  
o'ercast,

Though thunders around thee may roll,  
Still sing, calmly sing, midst the storm's fiercest  
blast,—

‘It is well ! it is well, O my soul !’

If sorrow and pain, disappointment and loss,

The knell of life's pleasures shall toll ;

Still gratefully own, as thou bearest thy cross,—

‘It is well ! it is well, O my soul !’

When through the dark vale all the way thou  
hast trod,

Rejoicing in life's peaceful goal,

Ah ! then shalt thou sing in the presence of  
God,—

‘It is well ! it is well, O my soul !’

225.\*

500.

BLESSED assurance,—Lord I am Thine !  
O, what a foretaste of glory divine !

Thou art my Father ! Thou art my Friend !

Thou wilt uphold me, safe to the end !

*This is my story, this is my song,*

*Trusting my Father all the day long !*

Perfect submission ; perfect delight ;

Visions of rapture burst on my sight :

Angels descending, bring from above

Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Perfect submission, all is at rest ;  
I in Thy keeping am happy and blest :  
Watching and waiting, looking above,  
Filled with Thy goodness, lost in Thy love.

226.

29.

**B**RIGHTLY beams our Father's mercy  
From His lighthouse evermore ;  
But to us He gives the keeping  
Of the lights along the shore.

*Let the lower lights be burning !  
Send a gleam across the wave !  
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman  
You may rescue, you may save.*

Dark the night of sin has settled,  
Loud the angry billows roar ;  
Eager eyes are watching, longing,  
For the lights along the shore.

Trim your feeble lamp, my brother :  
Some poor seaman, tempest-tost,  
Trying now to make the harbour,  
In the darkness may be lost.

227.\*

246.

**B**Y and by ! O words of gladness !  
By and by ! O, by and by !  
We shall rest from pain and sadness  
In our Father's home on high !

And He smiles upon us, saying,  
‘By and by! O, by and by!  
Cares and trials you’ll be laying  
With your earthly garments by.’

*O, ‘by and by,’ we sing it softly!  
Thinking not of earthly care,  
But the ‘by and by’ of heaven,  
Waiting for us over there.*

By and by we shall be standing,  
By and by! O, by and by!  
At fair heaven’s shining landing,  
While the river murmurs by;  
And our friends will round us gather,  
By and by! O, by and by!  
Saying, ‘Welcome, for the Father  
Loves to have His children nigh.’

‘By and by!’ We say it gently,  
Looking on our peaceful dead;  
And we do not think of earth-life,  
But of Heaven’s sweet life instead.  
By and by we all shall gather,  
By and by! O, by and by!  
In the love of God our Father  
That shall know no ‘by and by.’

228.\*

591

CHRISTIAN, walk *carefully*; danger is near!  
On in thy journey with trembling and fear!  
Snarcs from without and temptations within,  
Seek to entice thee once more into sin.

*Christian, walk carefully, danger is near!*

Christian, *walk cheerfully* through the fierce  
storm,

Dark though the sky with its threats of alarm ;  
Soon will the clouds and the tempest be o'er,  
Then in thy haven thou'lt rest evermore.

*Christian, walk cheerfully through the fierce  
storm.*

Christian, *walk prayerfully* : oft wilt thou fall,  
If thou forget on thy Helper to call ;  
Safe thou shalt walk through each trial and care,  
If thou art clad in the armour of prayer.

*Christian, walk prayerfully ; fear lest thou fall.*

Christian, *walk hopefully* ; sorrow and pain  
Cease when the haven of rest thou shalt gain ;  
Then shalt thou find thy exceeding reward—  
' Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

*Christian, walk hopefully ; rest thou shalt gain.*

229.†

465.

CLING to the truth, wheresoe'er you may  
find it ;

Cling to it gladly, and be not afraid.

Cling to the truth ! on your heart firmly bind it ;  
Though all may frown on you, be not dismayed.

*Cling to it bravely ! cling to it bravely !*

*Cling to it bravely, and be not dismayed !*

Cling to the truth God is ever revealing ;

Think not He speaks but by prophets of old !  
Still through the world His commandments are  
pealing ;

Still saintly hearts fuller truth shall unfold !



Cling to the truth ! men may hate and defame  
you,

E'en as your Master was hated of yore.  
'Blessed are ye,' for though bigots disclaim you,  
Truth is a crown that endures evermore.

Cling to the truth ! blessed freedom it bringeth :  
Freedom from sin, superstition and fear !

Cling to the truth ! angel anthems it singeth,  
Glad'ning our hearts till the kingdom is near !

230.†

64.

COME weary soul in deep distress,  
No longer sadly roam !  
Your God is waiting now to bless,  
And bids you welcome home !

*Only love Him ! Only trust Him ! Only serve  
Him now,  
He will help you ! He will cleanse you ! He will  
save you now !*

He'll save you from your bosom sin ;  
He'll cleanse you from its stain :  
He'll slay the foe that lurks within,  
And make you strong again.

He'll help you when your heart is sad,  
And sorrows cloud your life ;  
His word of peace will make you glad,  
And hush the angry strife

O love Him for His tenderness !  
O trust His gracious care !  
And serve Him for His righteousness  
Who reigneth everywhere.

231.

COME ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.

*We're marching to Zion,  
Beautiful, beautiful Zion ;  
We're marching upward to Zion,  
The beautiful city of God.*

Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God :  
But children of the heavenly King  
Must speak their joys abroad.

The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,  
And ev'ry tear be dry ;  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

224.

COURAGE, brother, do not stumble ;  
 Though thy path be dark as night ;  
 There's a star to guide the humble,  
 ' Trust in God and do the right.'

*' Do the right, do the right,  
 Trust in God and do the right.'—*

Let the road be rough and dreary,  
 And its end far out of sight,  
 Foot it bravely ! strong or weary,  
 ' Trust in God, and do the right.

Simple rule and safest guiding,  
 Inward peace and inward might ;  
 Star upon our path abiding,  
 ' Trust in God and do the right.'

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,  
 Some will flatter, some will slight ;  
 Heed not man but look above thee,  
 ' Trust in God, and do the right.'

DOWN in the valley with my Shepherd I  
 would go,  
 Where the flowers are blooming and the sweet  
 waters flow ;  
 Everywhere he leads me I will follow, follow on ;  
 Walking in his footsteps till the crown be won.

*Follow ! follow ! I would follow Jesus ;  
 Anywhere, everywhere, I would follow on !  
 Follow ! follow ! I would follow Jesus !  
 Everywhere he leads me I would follow on.*

Down in the valley with my Shepherd I would go,  
Where the storms are sweeping and the dark  
waters flow ;  
With his hand to lead me I will never, never  
fear ;  
Danger cannot fright me if my Lord is near.

Down in the valley or upon the mountain steep,  
Close beside my Shepherd would my soul ever  
keep ;  
He will lead me safely in the path that he has  
trod,  
Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

234.\*

167.

**D**O you see the Hebrew captive kneeling  
At morning, noon, and night to pray ;  
In his chamber he remembers Zion,  
Though in exile far away.

*Are your windows open towards Jerusalem,  
Though as captives here a little while we stay ?  
For the vision of the King in His glory,  
Are you watching day by day ?*

Do not fear to tread the fiery furnace,  
Nor shrink the lion's den to share ;  
For the God of Daniel will deliver,  
He will send His angels there.

Children of the living God, take courage,  
Your great deliverance sweetly sing ;  
Set your faces toward the hill of Zion,  
Thence to hail your gracious King.

**E**ARNESTLY seeking, day by day,  
 Seeking full salvation;  
 Hour by hour I watch and pray,  
 Waiting full salvation.  
 Though I am *safe*, I am not *saved*  
 While my heart clings to joys depraved :  
 Till white as snow my soul is laved  
 I must seek salvation.

Trusting God's mercy, day by day,  
 Still I seek salvation;  
 Strengthened by Him, I watch and pray,  
 Seeking full salvation.

Often my love grows weak and cold;  
 Sins of my youth renew their hold;  
 Memory is sad with tales untold;—  
 Yes, I need salvation!

Brighter and brighter, day by day,  
 Slowly 'dawns salvation!  
 God seems nearer when I pray;  
 He will give salvation.

Some day soon He'll set me free;  
 Some day soon His face I'll see;  
 Waked in His likeness I shall be;—  
*That* will be salvation!

**E**VER pressing onward to a heavenly goal;  
 Ever looking upward, courage Christian  
 soul!

Christ has gone before thee; in his footsteps  
 tread;

Faith and Love shall cheer thee; heaven shines  
 overhead.

Ever pressing onward ! 'tis a noble strife ;  
Seeking midst earth's shadows Heaven's eternal  
life.

Days and years fly quickly ; Truth and Love  
abide :

Stand then ever faithful at the Master's side.

Ever pressing onward ! Ah what joy 'twill bring  
Thus to journey heavenward ; thus to serve thy  
King.

Earthly joys must perish, but the Father still  
Crowns with bliss immortal them that do His  
will !

Ever pressing onward ! fling all fears behind :  
Love still reigns eternal : yea the Lord is kind !  
In His hand He holds thee ; trust Him all the  
way :

See ! the skies are kindling ! see, the breaking  
day !

237.†

117

FATHER ! bless the little children ;  
Keep them in Thy loving care :  
Guide them safely in their journey ;  
Save their feet from every snare.  
From Thy fount of Life eternal  
Comes each spirit undefiled,  
Keep it through the world's temptation  
Still in heart a little child.

Thou who art our Heavenly Father,  
Bless all earthly fathers too ;  
For to them the little children  
Look to learn what they shall do !

Make them manly, true, and tender,  
Honest, sober, strong, and wise,  
For the babes are ever watching,—  
Watching them with wondering eyes.

Father,—patient, all-forgiving!—  
Teach the mothers what Thou art :  
Fill them from Thy fount of pity,  
Welling up in every heart !  
Keep them patient, lest the children  
Meeting looks and words unkind,  
Missing mother-love untiring,  
Fail Thy Father-love to find !

Bless each home with heavenly graces ;  
Every heart and soul unite ;—  
Father, mother, sister, brother,—  
In one bond of sweet delight.  
Like a Temple be it holy,  
Lighted by the lamp of Love ;  
Fill the humblest earthly dwelling  
Image forth Thy home above.

238.

*Band of Hope.*

699.

FATHER, we are young and weak,  
Yet we have a race to run ;  
Glorious is the crown we seek,  
Hard the fight that must be won ;  
Lest we faint and lest we flee,  
Keep us ever near to Thee.

Many are our foes and strong—  
 Foes without and fears within;  
 Great temptations to go wrong,  
 And become the slaves of sin;  
 We shall surely conquered be,  
 If we keep not near to Thee.  
 When the prize of victory's won,  
 And the hard-fought contest o'er,  
 We shall hear the glad 'Well done!'  
 On the shining heavenly shore,  
 And through all eternity  
 Evermore be near to Thee.

239.

523.

'FOR ever with the Lord!  
 Amen, so let it be;  
 Life from the dead is in that word,  
 'Tis immortality.

*Here in the body pent,  
 Absent from him I roam,  
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,  
 A day's march nearer home.  
 Nearer home, nearer home,  
 A day's march nearer home.*

My Father's house on high,  
 Home of my soul; how near  
 At times to faith's foreseeing eye  
 Thy golden gates appear!

Ah, then my spirit faints  
 To reach the land I love:  
 The bright inheritance of saints,  
 Jerusalem above.



FROM all that worketh evil  
To any living-soul ;  
That makes my brother stumble  
When pressing to life's goal ;  
From all that makes him suffer  
And spend his strength in vain ;  
From all that brings him sorrow,  
Lord ! help me to refrain.

If I can walk in safety  
Where others blindly fall,  
If I o'ercome the perils  
Which shrinking hearts appal,  
Shall I destroy the weaklings  
For whom Christ died in pain ?  
From all that hurts or hinders  
Lord ! help me to refrain.

Dare I in blind vain glory  
On my own strength rely,  
Or boast that life's temptations  
Will always pass me by ?  
With thousands round me falling  
Shall I secure remain ?  
O Father ! keep me humble  
And help me to refrain.

For all the little children  
Who watch me day by day ;  
For kinsmen and for neighbours ;  
For pilgrims on the way ;

For Christ, the friend of sinners ;  
For life beyond our pain,  
For Thee, my God, my Father,  
Oh ! help me to refrain.

241.\*

149.

FULLY persuaded—Lord I believe !  
Fully persuaded—Thy spirit give ;  
I will obey Thy call ;  
Low at Thy feet I fall ;  
Now I surrender all,  
Life to receive.

Fully persuaded—Lord hear my cry !  
Fully persuaded—pass me not by  
Just as I am I come ;  
I will no longer roam :  
Oh make my heart Thy home ;  
Save or I die.

Fully persuaded—no more oppress ;  
Fully persuaded—now I am blest.  
Father ! be Thou my Guide,  
I will in Thee abide ;  
My soul is satisfied  
In Thee to rest.

Fully persuaded—joy shall be mine  
Fully persuaded—Lord I am Thine !  
O, make my love to Thee  
Like Thine own love to me,  
So rich, so full, and free  
Father divine !

**G**O bury thy sorrow, the world hath its share :  
 Go bury it deeply, go hide it with care.  
 Go think of it calmly, when curtained by night ;  
 Go tell it thy Father, and all will be right.  
 Go tell it thy Father, He knoweth thy grief ;  
 Go tell it thy Father, He'll send thee relief.  
 Go gather the sunshine He sheds on the way ;  
 He'll lighten thy burden—go, weary one, pray.  
 Hearts growing aweary with heavier woe,  
 Now droop mid the darkness, go comfort them, go !  
 Go bury thy sorrows, let others be blest ;  
 Go give them the sunshine, trust God for the rest.

**G**OD be with you till we meet again !—  
 By His counsels guide, uphold you ;  
 With His sheep securely fold you :—  
 God be with you till we meet again !  
 God be with you till we meet again !—  
 'Neath His wings securely hide you ;  
 Daily manna still provide you :—  
 God be with you till we meet again !  
 God be with you till we meet again !—  
 When life's perils thick confound you,  
 Put His loving arms around you :—  
 God be with you till we meet again !  
 God be with you till we meet again !—  
 Keep love's banner floating o'er you ;  
 Smite death's threatening wave before you :—  
 God be with you till we meet again !

**G**OD bless our native land,  
 May heaven's protecting hand  
     Still guard our shore !  
 May peace her power extend,  
 Foe be transformed to friend,  
 And Britain's rights depend  
     On war no more.

May just and righteous laws  
 Uphold the public cause,  
     And bless our isle ;  
 Home of the brave and free,  
 The land of liberty,  
 We pray that still on thee  
     Kind heaven may smile.

And not this land alone,  
 But be Thy mercies known  
     From shore to shore !  
 Lord, make the nations see  
 That men should brothers be  
 And form one family  
     The wide world o'er.

245.\*

592.

**G**OD holds the key of all unknown,  
     And I am glad ;  
 If other hands should hold the key,  
 Or if He trusted it to me,  
     I might be sad.

What if to-morrow's cares were here,  
Without its rest !  
I'd rather He unlocked the day,  
And, as the hours swing open, say,  
' My will is best.'

The very dimness of my sight  
Makes me secure ;  
For, groping in my misty way,  
I feel His hand ; I hear Him say,  
' My help is sure.'

I cannot read His future plans,  
But this I know—  
I have the smiling of His face,  
And all the refuge of His grace,  
While here below.

Enough : this covers all my wants,  
And so I rest :  
For what I cannot, He can see,  
And in His care I safe shall be—  
For ever blest.

246.

**G**OD leads us on, by paths we do not know ;  
Upwards He leads us, though our steps are  
slow ;  
Though oft we faint and falter by the way ;  
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day ;  
Yet when the clouds are gone  
We know He leads us on—  
He leads us on !

He leads us on through all the trying years,  
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts, and  
fears ;

He guides our steps through all the tangled maze,  
In paths of peace, and wisdom's pleasant ways,—  
And when the clouds are gone, etc.

And He at length, when past the weary strife,  
Will lead us home to everlasting life !  
No parting then ; for there on that bright shore,  
We'll meet, dear friends, and sing for evermore.  
For when the clouds are gone, etc.

247.†

386.

**H**EARKEN to the voice of Jesus,  
Speaking, still in accents clear,  
' Would ye enter God's fair kingdom,  
Ye must come as children dear.'  
Not the wise, and not the mighty,  
Soonest find the joy of heaven ;  
But to hearts of little children  
Everlasting peace is given.

' I am meek of heart, and lowly,'  
Speaks the voice so true and kind :  
' Learn of me, ye heavy laden :  
Peace and rest your souls shall find.'  
Lofty heads and haughty spirits  
Cannot pass the portals bright ;  
Only humble hearts, and lowly,  
Enter through the gates of light.

Not as slaves, in fear and trembling ;  
Not as monarchs, clad in pride,  
But with simple, trustful seeking,  
Press ye to the Father's side.  
'Tis to such His face He sheweth,  
With a smile of heavenly love ;  
And on childlike hearts that seek Him  
Softly lights the Heavenly Dove.

248.\*

464.

**H**ARK he is tenderly calling thee home—  
Calling to-day, calling to-day !  
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam,  
Farther and farther away ?

*Call- . . . ing to-day ! . . . call- . . . ing to day ! . . .*  
*Still he is call- . . . ing, is tenderly calling to-day !*

Hark ! he is calling the weary to rest—  
Calling to-day, calling to-day !  
Bring him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest :  
He will not turn thee away.

Still he is pleading : oh list to his voice—  
Hear him to-day, hear him to-day !  
They who believe on his name shall rejoice ;—  
Quickly arise and away !

249.\*

265.

**H**ARK ! I hear the Master saying  
' Would'st thou my disciple be,  
Straight the heavenly call obeying,  
Take thy cross and follow me !'

Follow on, though sorrows gather,  
Though the end be Calvary :  
Trusting still thy Heavenly Father,  
‘ Take thy cross, and follow me ! ’

Not alone for joy and beauty  
Are thy hours on earth designed ;  
But through rugged paths of duty  
Heavenly strength and peace to find.  
’Tis in kindness that he calleth,  
Setting thee from bondage free :  
’Tis in love the summons falleth,  
‘ Take thy cross and follow me ! ’

Swift the hours of life are flying ;  
Soon the night of sorrow ends ;  
On thy Father’s love relying,  
Take the burden that He sends.  
When by storms of woe o’ertaken,  
As thy day thy strength shall be ;  
Never can’st thou be forsaken ;—  
‘ Take thy cross and follow me ! ’

250.\*

18.

**H**ARK the voice of Jesus crying—  
‘ Who will go and work to-day ?  
Fields are white and harvest waiting :  
Who will bear the sheaves away ? ’  
Loud and strong the Master calleth,  
Rich reward he offers thee :  
Who will gladly answer, saying ?—  
‘ Here am I ! send me ! send me ! ’



If you cannot cross the ocean,  
 And the heathen lands explore,  
 You can find the heathen nearer,  
 You can help them at your door.  
 If you cannot give your thousands  
 You can give the widow's mite ;—  
 If for God's dear sake 'tis given,  
 'Twill be precious in His sight.  
 If among the older people  
 You may not be apt to teach,  
 'Feed my lambs!' said Christ our Shepherd,  
 'Place the food within their reach.'  
 And it may be that the children  
 You have led with trembling hand,  
 Will be found among your jewels,  
 When you reach the better land.  
 Let none hear you idly saying  
 'There is nothing I can do,'  
 While the souls of men are dying,  
 And the Master calls for you.  
 Take the task he gives you gladly,  
 Let his work your pleasure be ;  
 Answer quickly when he calleth,—  
 'Here am I ! send me, send me !'

251.      Tune '*There is a Happy Land*' or 227.

**H**ARK, 'tis the watchman's cry,  
 Wake, brethren, wake !  
 Daybreak is drawing nigh,—Wake, etc.  
 Sleep is for sons of night,  
 Ye are children of the light ;  
 Yours is the glory bright,—Wake, etc.

Call to each wakening band,  
    Watch, brethren, watch.  
Clear is our Lord's command,—Watch, etc.  
Be ye as men that wait,  
Always at their master's gate:  
E'en though he tarry late,—Watch, etc.

Heed we the Master's call,  
    Work, brethren, work.  
There's room enough for all,—Work, etc.  
This vineyard of the Lord,  
Constant labour doth afford,  
Yours is a sure reward,—Work, etc.

Hear we the Shepherd's voice,  
    Pray, brethren, pray.  
Would ye his heart rejoice,—Pray, etc.  
Sin calls for ceaseless care,  
Weakness needs the strong one near,  
Long as ye tarry here,—Pray, etc.

Sound now the final chord,  
    Praise, brethren, praise.  
Thrice holy is the Lord;—Praise, etc.  
What more befits the tongues,  
Soon to lead the angels' songs?  
Whilst heaven the note prolongs,  
    Praise, brethren, praise.

252.†

275.

**H**ARK to the warning Christ has given,—  
    Watch and pray! Watch and pray!  
Journeying on from earth to heaven;  
    Watch and pray! Watch and pray!

See how temptations gather round ;  
See how the snares of sin abound ;  
Would'st thou in safety still be found ?  
    Watch and pray !    Watch and pray !

When all about thee sunshine beams,  
    Watch and pray !    Watch and pray !  
Danger may hide in golden gleams ;  
    Watch and pray !    Watch and pray !  
Life may be full of pleasures rare ;  
Hours may be decked with garlands fair ;  
Sin may the garb of angels wear :  
    Watch and pray !    Watch and pray !

When all around thee thunders roll,  
    Watch and pray !    Watch and pray !  
When floods of grief o'erwhelm thy soul,  
    Watch and pray !    Watch and pray !  
Doubt not the goodness of our God ;  
Fear not to bear His guiding rod ;  
Follow where Jesus meekly trod ;  
    Watch and pray !    Watch and pray !

When in thy heart the traitors dwell,  
    Watch and pray !    Watch and pray !  
When evil passions wildly swell,  
    Watch and pray !    Watch and pray !  
None but thyself and God may know  
How thy heart bleeds, and the teardrops flow !  
Till thou hast struck the conquering blow,  
    Watch and pray !    Watch and pray !

**H**ASTEN, Lord to help me: cleanse me  
 from my sin,  
 Fill me with Thy spirit, make me pure within;  
 Thou alone art holy; sanctify my soul;  
 Weary, worn, and helpless, Thou can'st make  
 me whole.

*In Thy love confiding, I will seek Thy face,  
 Worship and adore Thee, for Thy wondrous grace,  
 Holiest! I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my  
 soul!*

*Weary, worn, and helpless, Thou can'st make me  
 whole.*

I am poor and needy, lame and deaf and blind,  
 Yet He thinks upon me - Ah, the Lord is kind!  
 Boundless is His mercy; to His love I'll flee,—  
 Lord, make haste to help me, for I wait on  
 Thee!

When I waited on Him, He to me gave heed,  
 Pity took upon me, helped me in my need;  
 On a rock He set me, made my footsteps strong,  
 And upon my lips He put a glad new song.

**H**AST thou aught of good received?  
 Freely give; freely give!  
 Hast thou words of truth believed  
 Freely give!  
 Rust corrupts and moths destroy—  
 Freely give; freely give!

Let another share thy joy—

Freely give !

Do not hoard with selfish care ;

All thy blessings freely share ;

Thou shalt still have some to spare,—

Freely give !

Of thy smiles and of thy tears

Freely give ; freely give !

They will soothe thy brother's fears ;—

Freely give !

Tender words do more than gold :

Freely give ; freely give !

Half their worth can ne'er be told—

Freely give !

He whose mercies never cease

Fills the loving heart with peace ;

All its treasures still increase !—

Freely give !

Hast thou faith in heaven above ?

Freely give ; freely give !

Doubting hearts may share thy love—

Freely give !

Hast thou heard thy Father's voice ?

Freely give ; freely give !

In thy light let all rejoice—

Freely give !

Souls who never knew their God,

Following where thy feet have trod,

Yet may find his guiding rod—

Freely give !

**H**AVE ye heard the song from the golden  
land ?

Have ye heard the glad new song ?  
Let us bind our sheaves with a willing hand,  
For the time will not be long.

*Then work while the morning is shining clear ;  
The evening shadows will soon draw near,  
And the Lord of the harvest with words of cheer  
Shall gather the reapers home !*

O, the song rolls on from the golden land,  
And our hearts are strong to-day ;  
For it nerves our souls with its music sweet,  
As we toil in the noontide ray.

O, the song rolls on from the golden land,  
From its vales of joy and flowers ;  
And we feel and know by a living faith  
That its tones will soon be ours.

**H**AVE you chosen whom you mean to serve  
to-day ?

Are you working for self or for God ?  
Are you travelling upward on the heavenly way  
That the feet of the saints have trod ?

*Choose to-day ! Choose to-day !  
Shall the Lord be your God and your King ?  
Will you journey upward on the heavenly way,  
And His praises for ever sing ?*

There is strength and joy for those who serve  
the Lord ;

There is peace which the world cannot give ;  
And the soul that seeks the manna of His word,  
By that sweet daily bread shall live.

There is pain and sorrow for the selfish heart ;  
There is failure when life's work is done ;  
For the earthly treasures cannot joy impart,  
Till the treasure of heaven is won.

Do not tarry then, but make the Lord thy  
choice ;

There is danger and sin in delay :  
In His love confiding, let thy heart rejoice ;  
He is waiting for thee to-day !

257.†

11.

**H**EAR the glad news, O weeping and  
weary ;—

Sad though our life be, darksome and dreary,  
Though we in blindness stumble and fall,  
God can uplift us, one and all !

*One and all, O sister receive it !  
One and all, O brother believe it !  
Cling to the Lord, the burden will fall ;  
God can redeem us, one and all !*

Hear the glad news, O rich and abounding !  
Hark ! through the world joy's anthem is  
sounding !

Earth's beauteous gifts our hearts may enthrall ;  
Cling to the Giver, one and all !

Hear the glad news, O trembling and tearful,  
Shrinking 'mid dangers, threatening and fearful!  
When in mute weakness, terrors appal,  
Fly to the Helper, one and all.

Hear the glad news, O sinful and broken!  
E'en to the vilest, God's love hath spoken!  
Sadly repenting, hark to His call;  
He will forgive us, one and all.

258.

95.

**H**E leadeth me! O, blessèd thought!  
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

*He leadeth me! He leadeth me!  
By His own hand He leadeth me!  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by His hand He leadeth me.*

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine;  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.



And when my task on earth is done,  
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since Thou through Jordan ledest me.

259.

487.

**H**ELP me, O Lord, some offering to find;  
Something for Thee! something for  
Thee!

Healing the sick, or leading the blind;—  
Something, my God, for Thee!

Thou hast been gracious, tender, and true;  
Day after day Thy mercies are new;  
Send me some task, some duty to do:—  
Something, my God, for Thee!

Give me, O Lord, some corner to fill;  
Something for Thee! something for Thee!  
Teach me some way of serving Thy will:  
Something, my God, for Thee!

Strength I have none great deeds to perform:  
Others may brave the battle and storm;  
Still in Thy name some heart I may warm, —  
Something, my God, for Thee!

Give me true words of warning to speak;—  
Something for Thee! something for Thee!  
Send me, O Lord, some wand'rer to seek:  
Something, my God, for Thee!

Oft when of old I wandered in sin,  
Thou, in Thy love, hast gathered me in;  
Now for Thy sake some soul I would win;—  
Something, my God, for Thee!

**H**OLD Thou my hand! so weak I am, and  
helpless,

I dare not take one step without Thy aid!  
Hold Thou my hand! for then, with Thee be-  
side me,

No dread of ill shall make my soul afraid.

Hold Thou my hand! and closer, closer draw me  
To Thy dear self—my hope, my joy, my all:  
Hold Thou my hand, lest haply I should wander,  
And, missing Thee, my trembling feet should  
fall.

Hold Thou my hand! the way is dark before me  
Without the sunlight of Thy face divine:  
But when by faith I catch its radiant glory,  
What heights of joy, what rapturous songs  
are mine.

Hold Thou my hand! that when I reach the  
margin  
Of death's lone river, clinging still to Thee,  
A heavenly light may flash along its waters,  
And every wave like crystal bright shall be.

**H**OLIEST! like a Shepherd lead us;  
Much we need Thy tenderest care;  
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,  
For our use Thy folds prepare.

Blessed Shepherd, blessed Shepherd,  
Thou hast made us, Thine we are.

We are Thine ; do Thou befriend us ;  
Be the Guardian of our way ;  
Keep Thy flock ; from sin defend us ;  
Seek us when we go astray.

Blessed Shepherd, blessed Shepherd,  
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,  
Poor and sinful though we be ;  
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
Grace to cleanse and power to free.

Blessed Shepherd, blessed Shepherd,  
Let us ever turn to Thee.

262.\*

209.

‘ **H**OME at last ’ on heavenly mountains,  
Heard the ‘ Come and enter in ! ’  
Safe by life’s fair flowing fountains ;  
Saved from earthly taint and sin.

*Home sweet home ! our home for ever !*

*Weary pilgrimages past !*

*Welcomed home, to wander never :*

*Safe for ever ; ‘ home at last ! ’*

**Free** at last from all temptation ;  
No more need of watchful care :  
**Joyful** in complete salvation ;  
Given the victor’s crown to wear.

Saved to greet on hills of glory  
Loved ones we have missed so long ;  
Saved to tell the sinner’s story,  
Saved to sing the angel’s song.

Welcomed at the pearly portal,  
Evermore a welcome guest ;  
Welcomed to the life immortal,  
In the mansions of the blest.

263.†

1.

**H**O ! my comrades, day is breaking ;  
Hear the bugle sound !  
Earth once more to strife is waking ;  
Foes are camped around.

*Sons of God ! in armour glorious  
Rally to the fight !  
This your battle-cry victorious,  
‘ God defend the Right ! ’*

See where Sin its legions pouring  
Scatters wounds and death !  
Hear the din of cannons roaring,  
Mark their poisonous breath !

See, from yonder fortress streaming  
Pours the deadly rain.—  
Forward, with your banners gleaming  
Till its towers ye gain !

Free the captives doomed to sorrow,  
Held in bonds of sin !  
Strife to-day, and rest to-morrow !  
Right the day shall win !

I AM so glad that our Father in heaven  
Tells of His love to each soul He has given,  
Wonderful hopes all around me I see—  
This is the dearest, He careth for me.

*I am so glad He careth for me,  
He loveth me, He loveth me ;  
I am so glad He careth for me,  
He watcheth over me.*

Though I forget Him and wander away,  
Still He doth love me wherever I stray ;  
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,  
When I remember He careth for me.

O, if there's only one song I can sing,  
When in His beauty, I see the great King ;  
This shall my song in eternity be,  
' Wonderful love that still careth for me.'

In this assurance I find sweetest rest :  
Trusting His mercy I know I am blest ;  
Evil dismayed from my soul now shall flee,  
When I remember He careth for me.

I AM Thine, O Lord ; I have heard Thy voice,  
And it told Thy love to me ;  
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,  
And be closer drawn to Thee.

*Draw me nearer . . . . nearer, blessed Lord,—  
Keep me ever at Thy side ;*

*Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord :  
Let me still with Thee abide.*

Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,  
By the power of grace divine ;  
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,  
And my will be lost in Thine.

O, the pure delight of a single hour  
That before Thy throne I spend,  
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,  
I commune as friend with friend.

There are depths of love that I cannot know  
Till I cross the narrow sea ;  
There are heights of joy that I may not reach  
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

266.†

108.

I HEAR them sing of heaven,  
I hear them speak of hell ;  
But *what* they are they know not,  
And *where* they cannot tell.  
The sky gives back no answer,  
The depths say nought to me,  
And in my heart I ponder  
What heaven and hell may be !

I'll ask my heart to answer  
This thing they cannot tell :  
I'll search my soul for heaven,  
And sound its depths for hell.  
When Love abideth in me  
I'll seek my heart's desire,  
For in its glory kindling  
My thoughts to heaven aspire.

I know my God is Holy ;  
I know His will is just ;  
My soul is filled with gladness  
When in His love I trust :  
But when I blindly wander  
And yield to sin's dark sway,  
Thick clouds of doubt and anguish  
Shut out the light of day !

I'll seek no more for heaven,  
I find it in my heart ;  
And hell is close about me  
When from my God I part.  
In life or death unchanging  
This law divine I see :  
My soul gives back the answer  
What heaven and hell may be !

267.†

451.

**I** HEAR the voice of Jesus say,  
' Follow me ! come, follow me ! '  
It whispers low at break of day,  
' Follow me ! come, follow me ! '  
Each hour is given from Heaven above,  
A token of a Father's love :  
If thou wouldst all His goodness prove,  
Follow me ! come, follow me ! '

I hear the voice of Jesus say,  
' Follow me ! come, follow me ! '  
In all thy work and all thy play  
Follow me ! come, follow me !

If thou to God hast given thy heart ;  
If thou wouldst play a noble part ,  
In quiet home, or busy mart,  
Follow me ! come, follow me !'

I hear the voice of Jesus say,  
' Follow me ! come, follow me !  
I'll teach thee still the better way !  
Follow me, come, follow me !  
The world is full of sin and care ;  
Come help the weak their pain to bear !  
Come with the sad thy blessing share,—  
Follow me ! come, follow me !'

I hear the voice of Jesus say  
' Follow me ! come, follow me !'  
It whispers in the twilight grey  
' Follow me ! come, follow me !  
When life is filled with pain and fear ;  
When night is dark, and death is near,  
I know the path ! Till morning clear,  
Follow me ! come, follow me !'

**I** LOVE the wondrous story  
Of heavenly things above—  
It fills the sky with glory,  
It fills the earth with love.  
Through all their beauty beaming  
The face of God I see ;  
Through countless ages streaming  
His radiance comes to me.



*I love the wondrous story !  
It fills the earth with glory !  
I love the wondrous story,  
Of God's eternal love !*

The heavens are ever telling  
The wonders of His might ;  
In chorus softly swelling  
The stars His praise recite.  
All Nature's wealth of pleasure  
The circling years unfold,  
And earth with boundless treasure  
Reveals His love of old !

And sweeter still the story  
Of yon bright world above,  
Beyond all earthly glory,  
Beyond all earthly love.  
Far off I see it shining  
Through Death's short night of gloom ;  
The cares of life entwining  
With heaven's immortal bloom.

But sweetest is the story  
Which million hearts unfold  
Of God's indwelling glory  
Of joy and peace untold.  
Beyond our highest dreaming  
His love and beauty shine,  
Through saintly spirits streaming  
By Sonship made divine !

IN childhood's hours of innocence,  
 In souls yet free from dark offence,  
 In hearts of love, in guiltless eyes,  
 Thy beauty shines, sweet Paradise.

*O Paradise, sweet Paradise ;  
 To thy calm peace we long to rise,  
 Where we may hush our weary sighs,  
 O Paradise, sweet Paradise !*

But ah ! too soon the dream is o'er,  
 And innocence is ours no more ;  
 The blight of sin upon us lies,  
 And we must quit our Paradise.

Beneath the spell of passions strong  
 We tread in pain the round of wrong —  
 With aching heart, with yearning cries,  
 We vainly seek lost Paradise !

But when in grief for deep offence  
 We turn to God in penitence,  
 With sudden joy and glad surprise  
 We find once more sweet Paradise !

I NEED Thee every hour,  
 Most gracious Lord,—  
 No tender voice like Thine  
 Can peace afford.

*I need Thee, oh, I need Thee :*

*Every hour I need Thee :*

*Oh, bless me now my Father,—*

*I come to Thee.*

I need Thee every hour ;  
Stay Thou near by :  
Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh.

I need Thee every hour,  
In joy or pain ;  
Come quickly and abide,  
Or life is vain.

I need Thee every hour :  
Teach me Thy will ;  
And Thy rich promises  
In me fulfil.

271.\*

471.

**I**N the harvest field there is work to do,  
For the grain is ripe, and the reapers few :  
**And** the Master's voice bids the workers true  
Heed the call that he gives to-day.

*Labour on ! . . Labour on ! . .*  
*Still the summons clear obey ;*  
*For the harvest is white and the reapers are few !*  
*Labour on till the close of day !*

**Crowd** the garner well with its sheaves all bright ;  
**Let** the song be glad and the heart be light ;  
**Fill** the precious hours ere the shades of night  
**Take** the place of the golden day.

**In** the gleaner's path may be rich reward,  
**Tho'** the time seems long, and the labour hard :  
**For** the Master's joy, with his chosen shared  
**Drives** the gloom from the darkest day.

Lo! the harvest home in the realms above  
Shall be gained by each who has toiled and strove,  
When the Master's voice, in its tones of love,  
Calls away to eternal day.

272.

535.

IN the shadow of His wings  
There is rest, sweet rest;  
There is rest from care and labour,  
There is rest for friend and neighbour:  
In the shadow of His wings  
There is rest, sweet rest;  
In the shadow of His wings  
There is rest. . . . .

*There is rest! . . there is peace! . .*

*There is joy! . . in the shadow of His wings;*

*There is rest! . . there is peace! . .*

*There is joy . . in the shadow of His wings.*

In the shadow of His wings  
There is peace, sweet peace:  
Peace that passeth understanding,  
Peace, sweet peace, that knows no ending:  
In the shadow of His wings  
There is peace, sweet peace;  
In the shadow of His wings  
There is peace. . . . .

In the shadow of His wings  
There is joy, glad joy;  
There is joy to tell the story,  
Joy exceeding, full of glory:

In the shadow of His wings  
There is joy, glad joy ;  
In the shadow of His wings  
There is joy. . . . .

273.\*

28.

I SOUGHT my Father's mercy long ago,—  
All my sins I brought Him, and my woe ;  
When by faith I saw Him kind and free,  
Heard His still small whisper, 'Cling to Me,'  
From my heart the burden rolled away.—  
Happy day !

I leave it with my Father, for He knows  
How to steal the bitter from life's woes ;  
How to gild the teardrop with His smile,  
Make the desert garden bloom awhile.  
When my weakness leaneth on His might,  
All seems light.

I leave it with my Father day by day ;  
Faith can firmly trust Him, come what may ;  
Hope has dropped her anchor, found her rest,  
In the calm sure haven of His breast ;  
Love esteems it heaven to abide  
At His side.

O leave it with thy Father, drooping soul !  
Tell not *half* thy story, but the whole.  
Worlds on worlds are hanging on His hand ;  
Life and death are waiting His command ;  
Yet His tender bosom makes *thee* room—  
O, come home !

**I**'VE found a Friend ; O, such a Friend !  
 He loved me ere I knew Him !  
 He drew me with the cords of love,  
 And thus He bound me to Him.  
 And round my heart still closely twine  
 Those ties, which nought can sever ;  
 For I am His, and He is mine,  
 For ever and for ever !

I've found a Friend ; O, such a Friend !  
 All power by Him is given,  
 To guard me on my onward course,  
 And bring me safe to heaven.  
 Th' eternal glories gleam afar,  
 To nerve my faint endeavour :  
 So now—to watch ! —to work ! —to war !  
 And then—to rest for ever.

I've found a Friend ; O, such a Friend !  
 So kind, and true, and tender,  
 So wise a Counsellor and Guide,  
 So mighty a Defender !  
 From Him who loves me now so well,  
 What power my soul can sever ?  
 Shall life or death His love dispel ?  
 No ! I am His for ever !

**I**'VE found a joy in sorrow, a secret balm for  
 pain,  
 A beautiful to-morrow of sunshine after rain ;  
 I've found a branch of healing near every bitter  
 spring,  
 A whispered promise stealing o'er every broken  
 string.

I've found a glad hosanna for every woe and  
wail,  
A handful of sweet manna when grapes of Eshcol  
fail ;  
I've found a Rock of Ages when desert wells are  
dry ;  
And after weary stages, I've found an Elim  
nigh.—

An Elim with its coolness, its fountains and its  
shade,  
A blessing in its fulness, when buds of promise  
fade :  
O'er tears of soft contrition I've seen a rainbow  
light ;  
A glory and fruition, so near!—yet out of sight.

My God ! Thy love possessing, I have the joy,  
the balm,  
The healing and the blessing, the sunshine and  
the psalm ;  
The promise for the fearful, the Elim for the  
faint,  
The rainbow for the tearful, the glory for the  
saint !

276.\*

590.

**J**ESUS bids us shine with a clear pure light,  
Like a little candle burning in the night ;  
In this world of darkness we must ever shine—  
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine for the Father dear !  
Well He sees and knows it, if our light is clear ;  
For the God of heaven loves to see us shine,  
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine then ; for, all around,  
Many kinds of darkness in this world abound :  
Sin and want and sorrow ; so we still must shine,  
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

277.\*

19.

**K**NOCKING ! knocking ! who is there ?  
Waiting, waiting, O, how fair !  
'Tis a pilgrim strange and kingly,  
Never such was seen before ;  
Ah, my soul, for such a wonder  
Wilt thou **not** undo the door ?

**K**NOCKING ! knocking ! still he's there ;  
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair :  
But the door is hard to open,  
For the weeds and ivy-vine,  
With their dark and clinging tendrils,  
Ever round the **hinges** twine.

**K**NOCKING ! knocking !—what, still there ?  
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair !  
Yes, the piercèd hand still knocketh,  
And beneath the crownèd hair  
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,  
Of the Master waiting there.



**L**ABÓUR, brethren, while ye may ; on the  
Lord relying :  
He has given us but ‘ *to-day*,’ and ’tis quickly  
flying !  
Fill the hours with victories won : to His sum-  
mons hearken !  
Let your task be nobly done, ere the shadows  
darken.

*Evermore, evermore, strength from heaven borrow ;  
Bravely do God’s will to-day ; trust Him for to-  
morrow !*

Are your days with mercies crowned ? are the  
heavens smiling ?  
Do the joys of earth abound, all your cares be-  
guiling ?  
Ne’er forget the Friend who gives : low before  
Him bending,  
Raise your thanks to Him who lives ; be your  
love unending.

*Evermore, evermore, saved from doubt and sorrow ;  
Serve your gracious God to-day ; wait not for to-  
morrow !*

Are you weary ? are you sad ; burdened sore  
with sorrow ?  
Is to-day in darkness clad ? do you fear the  
morrow ?

Lift your fainting hearts on high ; cease your  
vain repining ;  
Soon, athwart the eastern sky, comfort shall be  
shining !

*Evermore, evermore, trust amidst your sorrow ;  
Tears may thickly fall to-day ; joy will come  
to-morrow !*

279.

12.

**L**ET us gather up the sunbeams  
Lying all around our path ;  
Let us keep the wheat and roses,  
Casting out the thorns and chaff ;  
Let us find our sweetest comfort  
In the blessings of to-day,  
With a patient hand removing  
All the briars from the way.

*Then scatter seeds of kindness,  
Then scatter seeds of kindness,  
Then scatter seeds of kindness,  
For our reaping by and by.*

Strange we never prize the music  
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown !  
Strange that we should slight the violets  
Till the lovely flowers are gone !  
Strange that summer skies and sunshine  
Never seem one half so fair  
As when winter's snowy pinions  
Shake the white down in the air.

If we knew the baby fingers,  
    Pressed against the window pane,  
Would be stiff and cold to-morrow—  
    Never trouble us again—  
Would the bright eyes of our darling  
    Catch the frown upon our brow ?  
Would the prints of rosy fingers  
    Vex us then as they do now ?

Ah, those little ice-cold fingers,  
    How they point our memories **back**  
To the hasty words and actions  
    Strewn along our backward track !  
How those little hands remind us,  
    As in snowy grace they lie,  
Not to scatter thorns—but roses,  
    For our reaping by and by.

280.

**L**IGHT after darkness, gain after loss,  
Strength after weakness, crown after **cross** ;  
Sweet after bitter, hope after fears,  
Home after wandering, praise after tears.

Sheaves after sowing, sun after rain,  
Sight after mystery, peace after **pain** ;  
Joy after sorrow, calm after blast,  
Rest after weariness, sweet rest at **last**.

Near after distant, gleam after gloom,  
Love after loneliness, life after **tomb** ;  
After long agony, rapture of bliss,  
Right was the pathway leading to **this**.

409.

RIGHT in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand !  
See o'er the foaming billows fair haven's  
land ;

Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er!  
Safe within the life-boat, sailor, pull for the  
shore.

*Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore !  
Heed not the rolling waves but bend to the oar !  
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, cling to sin no more !  
Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull for  
the shore.*

Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail;  
Stronger the surges dash and fiercer the gale;  
Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they  
    roar,  
Watch the 'Bright and Morning Star,' and pull  
    for the shore.

Bright gleams the morning, sailor, uplift the eye:  
Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh!  
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore;  
See the shining haven, sailor! Pull for the  
shore.

LIKE a cradle, rocking, rocking,  
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,  
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping  
On the little face below,

Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,  
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow ;  
Falls the light of God's face bending  
Down and watching us below.

And as tender babes that suffer,  
Toss and cry and will not rest,  
Are the ones the tender mother  
Holds the closest, loves the best,—  
So, when we are weak and wretched,  
By our sins held down, distressed,  
Then it is that God's great patience  
Holds us closest, loves us best.

283.†

169.

LOOKING unto Jesus  
Who, so long ago,  
Bore the Cross of suffering,  
Drank the cup of woe,  
Be thou also faithful,  
Full of truth and grace,—  
Looking unto Jesus,  
Run thy heavenly race.

Looking unto Jesus  
Meekly bear thy cross ;  
Follow where he leadeth,  
E'en to shame and loss.  
Though the way be weary,  
Though thy strength be gone,  
Looking unto Jesus,  
Bravely follow on !

Looking unto Jesus  
With the eye of faith,  
See him living ever,  
Conqueror over death!  
God hath safely led him,  
To his home on high;—  
Looking unto Jesus,  
Fear not thou to die!

284.†

329.

**L**ORD! I hear of peace immortal,  
Peace that only flows from Thee!  
Open now Thy heavenly portal,  
Let its radiance fall on me!

*I am sinful, I am weary.  
Help me, Lord, to come to Thee.  
While I wander life is dreary,  
Make me Thine eternally.*

There is nought in earthly pleasure  
That can quench my soul's desire:  
Fill my life's poor scanty measure  
With Thy love's enkindling fire!

When in darkness wandering blindly,  
From Thy path my footsteps stray,  
In Thy patience, leading kindly,  
Guide me back to Thy good way.

Hoping, striving, trusting, clinging,  
Hold me ever, lest I fall;  
Till from earth in gladness winging,  
Thou, my God, shalt be my All!

**L**ORD, I hear of showers of blessing,  
 Thou art scatt'ring full and free;  
 Showers the thirsty land refreshing, —  
 Let some droppings fall on me—Even me!

Pass me not, O gracious Father!  
 Sinful though my heart may be:  
 Thou might'st leave me: but the rather  
 Let Thy mercy fall on me—Even me!

Truth of God, so pure and changeless;  
 Love of God, so rich and free;  
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless;  
 Magnify them all in me—Even me!

Pass me not! Thy pardon bringing,  
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee:  
 While the streams of life are springing,  
 Blessing others, O, bless me—Even me!

**L**ORD! protect me day by day,  
 Let me not in danger stray;  
 Still to Thee for strength I pray;  
 O hear me when I call!  
 Life is full of hidden snares;  
 Sin o'ertakes me unawares,  
 Robes of light temptation wears,  
 And I am prone to fall.

*Lord! living or dying, on Thee I'm relying;  
 Give ear to my crying, and save me when I call!*

When my feet begin to slide ;  
When I walk in foolish pride ;  
When I wander from Thy side,  
    O Lord, redeem me still !  
Let Thy light around me shine ;  
Make Thy truth for ever mine ;  
Fill my soul with grace divine,  
    That I may love Thy will.

Fill my heart with grateful love ;  
Fix my hopes on things above ;  
Faithful let me ever prove  
    Till life on earth is o'er :  
All the rest to Thee I leave ;  
Gladly all Thy will receive ;  
Thou wilt not my soul deceive ;  
    I'll trust Thee evermore.

287.†

525.

LORD, we humbly cry to Thee ;  
    Heavenly Father, hear us !  
To Thy throne of grace we flee ;  
    Evermore be near us.  
Oft we wander far astray ;  
Oft we miss the heavenward way ;  
Lord ! Thy guiding hand we pray—  
    Heavenly Father, hear us !  
Grace we ask to do Thy will ;  
    Heavenly Father, hear us !  
With Thy love our spirits fill ;  
    Evermore be near us !



Hour by hour Thy help we need ;  
Help for righteous thought and deed :  
**Help**, from bondage to be freed,—  
Heavenly Father, hear us !

**Guard us** in our earthly life,—  
Heavenly Father, hear us !  
**In its sorrow** and its strife  
Evermore be near us !  
Then, when earthly toil is o'er,  
Waft us to the heavenly shore ;  
**Safe with Thee** for evermore !—  
Heavenly Father, hear us !

288.

108.

**L**ORD ! when through sin I wander  
So **very** far from Thee,  
I think in some far country  
Thy sinless home must be ;  
**But** when, with heartfelt sorrow  
I pray Thee to forgive,  
Thy pardon is so perfect  
That in Thy heaven I live.

That heaven, Lord, so **surrounds** me,  
That when I do the right,  
The saddest path of duty  
Is lightened by its light.  
I know not what its glories  
Before Thy throne must be ;  
**But** here Thy smiling presence  
Is heaven on earth to me.

To love the right and do it,  
Is to my heart so sweet,  
It makes the path of duty  
A shining, golden street.  
Give me Thy strength, O Father,  
To choose this path each day;  
Then heaven within, about me,  
Shall compass all my way.

289.\*

249.

**M**ARCH to the battle-field!  
March on with sword and shield!  
March on! the foe shall yield  
To Christ our King.  
Onward! ye faithful band,  
Onward! at his command.  
Onward! nor halting stand,  
But loudly sing!

*'This is the victory,' 'This is the victory,'  
'This is the victory,' we sing by the way;  
This is the victory, this is the victory,  
This is the victory, and faith gains the day.*

Stand firm against thy foes;  
Stand, though a host oppose:  
Stand! well our Leader knows  
Our conflicts all.  
'Fear not!' he says to thee,  
'Fear not, but valiant be!  
Fear not, but follow me!  
The foe *must* fall.'

Fight, though thy foes increase :  
 Fight, till the dawn of peace ;  
 Fight, till the war shall cease ;  
     Then shout and sing !  
 Shout then triumphantly,  
 Shout, shout the victory ;  
 Shout, ' Glory be to thee,  
     O Lord our King ! '

290.\*

*The cry of fear.*

395.

' **M**ASTER, the tempest is raging !  
     The billows are tossing high :  
 The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness,  
     No shelter or help is nigh !  
**C**arest thou not that we perish ?  
     How can'st thou lie asleep,  
**W**hen each moment so madly is threat'ning  
     A grave in the angry deep ? '

*The Master's reply.*

' *The winds and the waves shall obey His will—  
     Peace be still !  
 Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea,  
 Or sorrow or sin or whatever it be,  
 No waters can trouble the soul that lies  
 In the hand of the Lord of the earth and skies !  
 They all shall sweetly obey His will :  
     Peace, be still ! Peace, be still !  
 They all shall sweetly obey His will ;  
     Peace, peace, be still.*

*The cry of sin.*

‘ Master, with anguish of spirit  
I bow in my grief to-day ;  
The depths of my sad heart are troubled ;  
O waken and save, I pray !  
Torrents of sin and of anguish  
Sweep o’er my sinking soul :  
And I perish ! dear Master, I perish !  
O hasten and take control.’

*The response of faith.*

‘ Master, the terror is over,  
The elements sweetly rest :  
Earth’s sun in the calm lake is mirrored,  
And heaven’s within my breast.  
Linger, O blessed one, linger !  
Leave me alone no more,  
And with joy I shall make the blest harbour,  
And rest on the blissful shore.’

291.

669.

**M**OURN for the thousands slain,—  
The youthful and the strong ;  
Mourn for the wine-cup’s fearful reign,  
O’er the deluded throng !

Mourn for the ruined soul,—  
For reason’s life and light,  
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,  
And turned to helpless night !

Mourn for the lost ; but call,  
Call to the strong and free ;  
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,  
And guard their liberty.

Mourn for the lost,—but pray,  
Pray to the Lord above,  
To break the fell destroyer's sway,  
And show His saving love !

292.†

534

MY Father and my God,  
I kiss Thy chastening rod !  
The path my feet have trod  
Shall lead to liberty.  
Too oft my days of gladness  
Turned my heart to madness ;  
O, blessèd be the sadness  
That brings me back to Thee.

My Father and my Friend,  
No ill Thy love can send !  
From sin Thy child defend ;  
In danger succour me !  
E'en though through pain and weeping  
Save my soul from sleeping,  
And in Thy holy keeping  
At rest my heart shall be.

My Father ever near,  
What sorrow shall I fear  
If still Thy voice I hear  
That calls me unto Thee ?

My night shall soon be ended  
By Thy care defended ;  
And Life and Love be blended  
Through all eternity !

293.†

108 or 663.

MY heart is full of gladness,  
My soul runs o'er with joy ;  
No more shall fear and sadness  
My confidence destroy ;  
For God to me has spoken  
And I have heard his voice ;  
The bonds of sin are broken !  
How can I but rejoice ?

His truth from death awakes me,  
His word is ever sure !  
His mercy ne'er forsakes me,  
It shall through life endure !  
I'll trust Him for His kindness,  
I'll trust Him for His love,  
I'll trust Him in my blindness,  
And He will faithful prove !

My mouth shall sing His praises,  
My lips His love shall speak.—  
The lowly heart He raises,  
And strength He gives the weak.  
The blind shall see His beauty,  
The deaf shall hear His word,  
The dead shall rise to duty,  
And live to praise the Lord.

Ye people sing Hosanna !  
 And let the chorus roll.  
 His mercy falls like manna,  
 To feed the hungry soul.  
 Let young and old adore Him ;  
 His grace let all proclaim :  
 Ye people bow before Him,  
 And praise His holy name.

294.\*

356.

**M**Y life flows on in endless song ;—  
 Above earth's lamentation,  
 I hear the 'sweet, though far-off hymn  
 That hails a new creation :  
 Through all the tumult and the strife  
 I hear the music ringing ;  
 It finds an echo in my soul—  
 How can I keep from singing ?

What though my joys and comforts die :  
 The Lord my Saviour liveth !  
 What though the darkness gather round :  
 Songs in the night He giveth !  
 No storm can shake my inmost calm  
 While to that refuge clinging ;  
 Since He is Lord of heaven and earth,  
 How can I keep from singing ?

I lift mine eyes ; the cloud grows thin ;  
 I see the sky above it ;  
 And day by day this pathway smooths  
 Since first I learned to love it.

The peace of God makes fresh my heart,  
A fountain ever springing ;  
All things are mine since I am His—  
How can I keep from singing ?

295.

34.

NOTHING but leaves ! the spirit grieves  
O'er years of wasted life ;  
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept  
O'er vows and promises unkept ;  
And reaps from years of strife  
Nothing but leaves ! Nothing but leaves !

Nothing but leaves ! No gathered sheaves  
Of life's fair ripening grain !  
We sow our seeds : lo, tares and weeds,  
Words, *idle words*, for earnest deeds :  
We reap with toil and pain—  
Nothing but leaves ! nothing but leaves !

Nothing but leaves ! Sad memory weaves  
No veil to hide the past ;  
And as we trace our weary way,  
Counting each lost and misspent day,  
Sadly we find at last—  
Nothing but leaves ! nothing but leaves !

296.

168.

NOW just a word for Jesus,  
That faithful friend so true ;  
Come, cheer our hearts, and tell us  
What he has done for you.



*Now just a word for Jesus—  
'Twill help us on our way :  
One little word for Jesus,  
O speak, or sing, or pray.*

Now just a word for Jesus,  
Whose words so sweet and kind  
Still guide the weak and weary  
His peace and rest to find !

Now just a word for Jesus ;  
Let not the time be lost ;  
The heart's neglected duty  
Brings sorrow, to its cost.

Now just a word for Jesus ;  
And if your faith be dim,  
Arise, in all your weakness ;  
Arise and follow him !

297.

663.

**N**OW sound ye forth with trumpet tone  
Let all the nations fear !  
Speak to the world the thrilling words  
That tyrants quail to hear ;  
And write them bold on Freedom's flag,  
And wave it in the van—  
They are 'THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD,  
THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.'

Upon the sunny mountain brow,  
Among the busy throng,  
Proclaim the day for which our hearts  
Have prayed and waited long ;

The grandest words that men have heard  
Since ere the world began,  
They are 'The Fatherhood of God,  
The Brotherhood of Man.'

Too long the night of ignorance  
Has brooded o'er the mind ;  
Too long the love of wealth and power  
And not the love of kind ;  
Now let the blessed truth be flashed  
To earth's remotest span ;  
Proclaim 'The Fatherhood of God,  
The Brotherhood of Man.'

298.

M 138.

NOW to heaven our prayer ascending,  
God speed the right !  
In a noble cause contending,  
God speed the right !  
Be our zeal in heaven recorded,  
With success on earth rewarded,  
God speed the right !

Be that prayer again repeated,  
God speed the right !  
Ne'er despairing though defeated,  
God speed the right !  
Like the good and great in story,  
If we fail we fail with glory !  
God speed the right !

Patient, firm, and persevering,  
God speed the right !  
Never loss nor danger fearing,  
God speed the right !  
Pains nor toils nor trials heeding  
And in heaven's own time succeeding,  
God speed the right !

Still our onward course pursuing,  
God speed the right !  
Every foe at length subduing,  
God speed the right !  
Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it,  
There's no power on earth can stay it !  
God speed the right !

299.

601.

**O** BROTHER, life's journey beginning,  
With courage and firmness arise !—  
Look well to the course thou art choosing ;  
Be earnest, be watchful and wise !  
Remember—two paths are before thee,  
And both thy attention invite ;  
But one leadeth on to destruction,—  
The other to joy and delight.

*God help you to follow His banner.  
And serve Him wherever you go ;  
And when you are tempted, my brother,  
God give you the grace to say ' No !'*

O brother, yield not to temptation  
No matter what others may do ;  
Stand firm in the strength of the Master,  
Be loyal, be faithful, and true !  
Each trial will make you the stronger,  
If you, in the name of the Lord,  
Fight manfully under your leader,  
Obeying the voice of his word.

O brother, thy Maker is calling !  
Beware of the danger of sin :  
Resist not the voice of the Spirit  
That whispers so gently within.  
God calls you to enter His service—  
To live for Him here, day by day ;  
And share by and by in the glory  
That never shall vanish away.

300.

459.

O CHILD of God, wait patiently,  
When dark thy path may be ;  
And let thy faith lean trustingly  
On Him who cares for thee :  
And though the clouds hang drearily  
Upon the brow of night,  
Yet in the morning joy will come,  
And fill thy soul with light.

O child of God, He loveth thee,  
And thou art all His own  
With gentle hand He leadeth thee—  
Thou dost not walk alone :

And though thou watchest wearily  
The long and stormy night,  
Yet in the morning joy will come,  
And fill thy soul with light.

O child of God, how peacefully  
He calms thy fears to rest ;  
And draws thee upward tenderly,  
Where dwell the pure and blest !  
And He who bendeth silently  
Above the gloom of night,  
Will take thee home, where endless joy  
Shall fill thy soul with light.

301.†

49.

O COME ye people, raise a song,  
And praise the Lord for ever !  
Lift up your voices loud and long,  
To praise His name for ever !

*Bless the Lord ! His name adore,  
Let it ring from shore to shore :  
Laud His mercy evermore !  
Praise His name for ever !*

The Lord is good, the Lord is kind !  
O, praise His name for ever !  
And children's children yet shall find  
His mercy flows for ever !

He knoweth well our feeble frame,  
O, sing his praise for ever !  
He pitieth them that fear His name,  
O, sing His praise for ever !

Let earth in songs of praise aspire,  
And bless the Lord for ever !  
Let men and angels join the choir,  
And sing His praise for ever !

302.†

188.

**O** DARK was the dungeon, and galling the  
chain,  
And bitter the stripes that they bore,  
When Christ's faithful servants, unheeding of  
pain,  
Still prayed and rejoiced evermore :  
For e'en in the prison and nigh unto death,  
Their God was still faithful they knew :  
His joy filled their hearts, while with faltering  
breath  
They sang unto Him that is true.

*Then sing, sing, oh sing !  
Though sorrow and death are in view,  
Just trust in the Lord, and believe in His word,  
And sing unto Him that is true !*

There's joy in believing, when all things look fair,  
And earth is an Eden of light ;  
When life is all sunshine, and never a care  
O'ertakes us our pleasure to blight.  
But sorrows may come, and loud tempests o'ertake,  
And pleasures wax empty and few ;  
Ah ! then it is sweet, when all others forsake,  
To lean upon Him that is true.

There's joy in believing when working for God,  
And battling for Right against Wrong!  
When soldiers of Christ follow on where he trod,  
And find that in him they are strong;  
But, ah! it is weary in weakness to lie,  
With failure and shame full in view,  
Unless, like the Master, we know how to die,  
Still trusting in Him that is true!

303.†

381.

**O** HEARKEN to the chiming  
Of the gospel bells divine,  
Ringing forth the joyful tidings  
Once sung in Palestine:  
'To God be glory given,  
Who dwells in light above:  
Unto man on earth be peace  
And everlasting love!'

*Gospel bells, how they ring, over land from sea  
to sea!*

*Gospel bells freely bring blessed news to you  
and me.*

O, see the blessed token  
Of the love that dwells on high,—  
Through the heart of Jesus shining  
The Father's love is nigh.  
Poor mortals, lost in sin,  
He came to seek and save,  
And for them, upon the cross,  
His life he freely gave

Ah, blessed word of Jesus!  
When earthly strife is o'er  
He will greet his loved ones gladly  
On heaven's eternal shore.  
'O, come ye children blest,  
Who my Father's will have done,  
Come and share your Master's joy,  
Ye the victory have won.'

304.†

S 565 or 117.

**O** MY brother, tried and tempted on the  
battle-field of life.  
Often weary and despondent with the tumult  
and the strife,  
Have you ever turned for refuge to the con-  
secrated shrine,  
Have you ever sought a shelter in the sanctuary  
divine?  
  
Not of pearl or gleaming jewels is the taber-  
nacle wrought;  
Not from far-off golden rivers was its shining  
altar brought;  
Not by keenest mortal vision can its tracery be  
known,  
For the Temple is within thee, and thou  
standest there alone.  
  
Did I say 'Alone,' my brother? Nay! for  
when thou turnest there  
In the agony of struggle, with the cry of  
speechless prayer,



There is still an unseen Presence, there is still  
an answering voice,  
And amidst the storm of sorrow it for ever says  
‘ Rejoice ! ’

‘ Yea ! Rejoice ! for I am with thee to the latest  
hour of life !

I am ever there beside thee ’mid the tumult  
and the strife :

With thy confidence unshaken, all securely shalt  
thou stand,

For I hold thee, ever hold thee, in the hollow of  
My hand.

O, my brother, seek for refuge from the world’s  
unhallowed glare

In the Temple of the Highest, in the sanctuary  
of prayer ;

And the Lord shall safely hide thee where thy  
heart may ever sing—

In the secret of His presence, ’neath the shadow  
of His wing.

305.†

524.

ONE world at once ! while Hope points brightly  
To a life beyond death’s wave ;  
While Faith bears up the burden lightly  
That we drop beside the grave ;  
Blest Love with tears, for earth’s sad story,  
Fills the moments as they fly,  
And toiling to redeem life’s glory,  
Leaves to God the ‘ by and by.’

*One world at once ! while here we tarry  
Let us work till night is nigh ;  
For He who sends the cross we carry,  
Safely holds the ' by and by ! '*

One world at once ! Around us lying  
We may find our task each day ;  
We may raise the fallen, cheer the dying,  
And for God make straight the way.  
All our strength is needed for life's duty ;  
All our work is close at hand ;  
And our visions bright of heavenly beauty  
We may turn to actions grand.

Hope's upward glance is joy inspiring  
And the word of Faith gives rest ;  
But Love toils on with zeal untiring,  
And we know that Love is best !  
When the night drops down on spirits weary,  
And the golden gates draw nigh,  
We shall hear the welcome, sweet and cheery,  
' Enter now the " by and by. " '

306.\*

310.

ONE there is who loves thee, waiting still for  
thee ;  
Canst thou yet reject Him ? None so kind as He !  
Do not grieve Him longer ; come and trust Him  
now :

He has waited all thy days : Why waitest thou ?

*One there is who loves thee,  
O receive Him now !  
He has waited all the day :  
Why waitest thou ?*

Tenderly He woos thee, do not slight His call ;  
Though thy sins are many, He'll forgive them all ;  
Turn to Him repenting, He will cleanse thee now.  
He is waiting at thy heart : Why waitest thou ?

He is ever waiting : sinner, why delay ?  
To His arms of mercy rise and haste away !  
Only come believing, He will save thee now ;  
He is waiting at the door : Why waitest thou ?

307.\*

33.

ONLY an armour bearer, firmly I stand,  
Waiting to follow at the King's command ;  
Marching, if ' Onward ' shall the order be,  
Standing by my Captain, serving faithfully.

*Hear ye the battle cry ! ' Forward ! ' the call ;  
See, see, the faltering ones ; backward they fall.  
Surely my Captain may depend on me,  
Though but an armour bearer I may be.*

Only an armour bearer, now in the field,  
Guarding a shining helmet, sword and shield ;  
Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-cry ;  
Ready then to answer, ' Master, here am I ! '

Only an armour bearer, yet may I share  
In the glad victory, and its glory fair ;  
If in the battle to my trust I'm true,  
I shall soon be resting with the faithful few

ONWARD marching, Christian soldier,  
Through the battle-field of life ;  
Never faltering or despairing,  
Peace at last shall end the strife.

*Pressing onward, pressing upward ;  
Heeding not the call of sin ;  
Marching onward, Christian Soldier,  
We shall yet the victory win.*

There is one who sees the battle,  
One who gives the weary strength :  
There is grace for every trial,  
And a resting time at length.

There's a Hope to cheer the lonely,  
There is Faith to make us glad :  
There is Love beyond all dreaming,  
Bringing comfort to the sad.

There is manna for the hungry,  
Living water for the faint :  
There is pardon for the sinner  
And sweet welcome for the saint.

ONWARD ! upward ! Christian soldier ;  
Turn not back, nor sheath thy sword ;  
Let its blade be sharp for conquest  
In the battle for the Lord.

From the great white throne eternal  
God Himself is looking down ;  
He it is who now commands thee,  
Take the cross and win the crown.

Onward ! upward ! doing, daring  
All for Him who loveth thee ;  
Face the foe, and meet with boldness  
Danger, whatsoe'er it be.  
From the battlements of glory  
Holy ones are looking down ;  
Thou can'st almost hear them shouting,  
' On ! let no one take thy crown.'

Onward ! till thy course is finished !  
Like the sainted ones before,  
Keep the faith through persecution,  
Never give the battle o'er.  
Onward ! upward ! till victorious  
Thou shalt lay thine armour down,  
And thy loving Master bids thee  
At his hand receive thy crown.

310.

292.

**O** SAFE to the Rock that is higher than I,  
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly :  
So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I be ;  
Thou blest ' Rock of Ages,' I'm hiding in Thee !

*Hiding in Thee ! hiding in Thee ;  
Thou blest ' Rock of Ages,' I'm hiding in Thee !*

In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour,  
In times when temptation casts o'er me its power ;  
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea,  
Thou blest ' Rock of Ages,' I'm hiding in Thee.

How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe,  
I've flown to my refuge and breathed out my woe!  
How often, when trials like sea-billows roll,  
I've hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul!

311.\*

470.

O SOUL, tossed on the billows,  
Afar from friendly land,  
Look up to Him who holds thee  
In 'the hollow of His hand.'

*In the hollow of His hand!*  
*In the hollow of His hand!—*  
*Oh, how safe are all who trust Him,*  
*In the hollow of His hand!*

Though raging winds may drive thee  
A wreck upon the strand,  
Still cling to Him who holds thee  
In 'the hollow of His hand.'

When strength is spent in toiling,  
And dangers threatening stand,  
Then rest in Him who holds thee  
In 'the hollow of his hand.'

When by the swelling Jordan,  
Thy feet in sinking sand,  
Remember still He holds thee  
In 'the hollow of His hand.'

And when at last we're gathered  
With all the heavenly band,  
We'll praise our God who holds us  
In 'the hollow of His hand.'

OVER the mountains, over the plain,  
Through the deep valleys repeat the glad  
strain;

Let distant shores echo back the refrain,

‘God careth even for me!’

*‘Even for me!’ The glad tidings prolong;  
Weary and weak though I be:—*

*Yes, on my lips He has put a new song,  
‘God careth even for me!’*

Cold was my heart, yet He was still kind;  
He watched my path when to Him I was blind:  
Now I rejoice every hour, for I find  
God careth even for me.

Oft in my sorrows, burdened with woe,  
Almost despairing, my sad tears would flow;  
Now I can smile in my griefs, for I know  
God careth even for me.

Over the mountains, over the plain,  
Through the dark valleys repeat the glad strain  
Let distant shores echo back the refrain,  
‘God careth even for me!’

WEARY heart rest in the Lord,  
And still wait patiently for Him  
Fear not: He will thy trust reward;  
His light shall shine ’mid shadows dim!

*Oh, wait, meekly wait, and murmur not,  
Oh, wait, meekly wait, and murmur not,  
Oh, wait, oh wait, oh wait and murmur not.*

O drooping soul, o'ercome with strife,  
Bowed down with daily toil and care,  
Take refuge in thy spirit-life  
And let thy God the burden share.

Let not a murmur break thy calm,  
He surely knoweth what is best :  
For every wound He hath a balm ;  
In every strife He giveth rest !

In meekness take what God may send,  
Securely leaning on His strength :  
The darkest night must quickly end ;  
And with the morn joy comes at length !

314.†

383.

**O** WORK for the Lord while the sun shines  
clear,

He asks for thy willing aid :  
The day is far spent and the night draws near,  
The noonday begins to fade.

*Up and be doing, while still there is light,  
Working for God and upholding the right.  
Rest will soon come with the shades of night,  
But work while the day is clear.*

Be earnest and true in thy toil for bread,  
And hallow it by thy prayers :  
The kingdom of God by such toil is spread ;  
It brighteneth unawares.

Fear nothing but sin,—nothing else can harm :  
The service of God is sure ;  
He holdeth His children with His right arm ;  
For ever His saints shall endure.



Be faithful to God in the path of life.  
And serve Him with loyal will :  
Secure thou shalt stand in the deadly strife :  
His joy shall thy bosom fill.

315.

PEACEFUL our spirits, quiet the day,  
Now are the week's cares folded away ;  
' Hushed into stillness now is the air,  
Welcome the Sabbath fair.

*Hark ! and hear the pleasant Sabbath bells ;  
Far and near the sounding echo swells ;  
Sweetly to all their tones seem to say,  
This is the Sabbath day.*

Sweet are the songs that here we shall sing,  
Loving the spirits hither we bring ;  
Dear are the lessons oft we have heard,  
Lord, from thy holy word.

And when we join in service of prayer,  
May we, our Father, know Thou art there ;  
O blessed Shepherd, Thy flock are we,  
Gather us now to Thee !

*Sunnyside.*

316. †

S 730.

PEACE! perfect Peace! the gift of God  
within ;  
It cometh not till grace hath conquered sin.

Peace! perfect Peace! when all of Self is slain,  
And, lost in God, no earthly cares remain!

Peace! perfect Peace! when at His feet we fall,  
And filled with love proclaim Him All in all!

Peace! perfect Peace! the fruit of victory won!  
Press on, brave heart, till life's brief day is done.

Peace! perfect Peace! a foretaste here is given:  
The trusting soul e'en now may find its heaven!

Peace! perfect Peace! O Father All divine!  
Lead Thou me on until Thy peace is mine!

317.

128.

PRECIOUS promise God hath given,  
To the weary passer-by,  
On the way from earth to heaven,  
‘I will guide thee with Mine eye.’

*‘I will guide thee, I will guide thee,  
I will guide thee with Mine eye;’  
On the way from earth to heaven,  
‘I will guide thee with Mine eye.’*

When temptations almost win thee,  
And thy trusted watchers fly,  
Let this promise ring within thee:  
‘I will guide thee with Mine eye.’

When thy secret hopes have perished  
In the grave of years gone by,  
Let this promise still be cherished:  
‘I will guide thee with Mine eye.’

When the shades of life are falling,  
And the hour has come to die;  
Hear the tender voice still calling,  
‘I will guide thee with Mine eye.’

318.

194.

REPEAT the story o’er and o’er,  
Of *grace* so full and free;  
I love to hear it more and more,  
Since grace has rescued me.  
*The half was never told,  
The half was never told,  
Of grace divine, so wonderful,  
The half was never told.*

Of *peace* I only knew the name,  
Nor found my soul its rest,  
Until the sweet-voiced angel came  
To soothe my weary breast.  
*Of peace divine, so wonderful,  
The half was never told.*

My highest place is close behind  
The Master’s guiding feet;  
No real *joy* in life I find,  
But in his service sweet.  
*Of joy divine, so wonderful,  
The half was never told.*

And O, what rapture will it be  
In God’s bright home above,  
To sing through all eternity  
The wonders of His love.  
*Of love divine, so wonderful,  
The half was never told.*

319.

37.

**R**ESCUE the perishing, care for the dying,  
 Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave,  
 Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,  
 Tell them the Lord is still mighty to save.

*Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,  
 Tell them the Lord is still mighty to save.*

Though they are slighting Him, still He is  
 waiting,

Waiting the penitent child to receive :  
 Plead with them earnestly, plead with them  
 gently ;

Humbly returning, their God will forgive.

Down in the human heart, crushed by temptation,  
 Feelings lie buried that grace can restore ;  
 Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,  
 Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

Rescue the perishing, Duty demands it ;  
 Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide ;  
 Back to the narrow way patiently win them ;  
 Tell the poor wand'rer God's love shall abide.

320.

39.

**R**ING the bells of heaven ! there is joy to-day,  
 For a soul returning from the wild !  
 See ! the Father meets him out upon the way,  
 Welcoming His weary wand'ring child.

*Glory ! glory ! how the angels sing,  
 Glory ! glory ! how the loud harps ring ;  
 'Tis the host triumphant like a mighty sea,  
 Pealing forth the anthem of the free.*

Ring the bells of heaven ! there is joy to-day,  
For the wanderer now is reconciled ;  
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,  
And is born anew a pardoned child.

Ring the bells of heaven ! spread the feast to-day,  
Angels swell the glad triumphant strain !  
Tell the joyful tidings ! bear it far away !  
For a precious soul is born again.

321.\*

25.

SAFE in my Father's keeping,  
Safe on His mighty breast,  
There by His love o'ershaded,  
Sweetly my soul shall rest !  
Hark ! 'tis the voice of angels,  
Borne in a song to me,  
Over the fields of glory,  
Over the jasper sea.

*Safe in my Father's keeping, etc.*

Safe in my Father's keeping,  
Safe from corroding care,  
Safe from the world's temptations,  
Sin cannot harm me there.  
Free from the blight of sorrow,  
Free from my doubts and fears ;  
Only a few more trials,  
Only a few more tears.

God is my heart's sure refuge,  
He watcheth over me ;  
Firm on the Rock of Ages,  
Ever my trust shall be.

Here let me wait with patience,  
Wait till the night is o'er ;  
Wait till I see the morning  
Break on the golden shore.

322.†

193.

SAINTS of old have left this word,  
‘ He that trusteth in the Lord,  
Finds the secret of His rest,  
And in Him is surely blessed.’

*Through the darkness and the night,  
I will lean upon His might :  
I will trust Him day by day ;  
I will trust Him though He slay.*

Though He with affliction try  
Till the gloom of death is nigh,  
Soon I know the morn will shine  
Filling life with peace divine.

He is wise and He is just ;  
Well I know in whom I trust :  
He, who bids the lilies grow,  
Cares for me where'er I go.

Neither life nor death I fear,  
While I feel my God is near :  
’Midst the storm secure I stand,  
Since He holds me in His hand.

**S**AVED by the patient love Thou gavest me,  
Nought would I e'er withhold, O Lord,  
from Thee ;  
In love my soul would bow,  
My heart fulfil its vow,  
Some offering bring Thee now,—  
Something for Thee.

At Thy blest mercy-seat, whispering my plea,  
My feeble faith looks up, O Lord, to Thee :  
Help me my cross to bear,  
Thy wondrous love declare,  
Some song to raise, or prayer—  
Something for Thee.

Give me a faithful heart—likeness to Thee—  
That each departing day henceforth may see.  
Some work of love begun,  
Some deed of kindness done,  
Some wanderer sought and won,—  
Something for Thee.

All that I am and have—heaven's gifts so free—  
In joy, in grief, through life, O Lord, for Thee !  
And when Thy face I see  
My grateful soul shall be,  
Through all eternity,  
Something for Thee.

SAY—is your lamp burning, my brother?  
I pray you look quickly and see;  
For if it were burning, then surely  
Some beams would fall bright upon me.  
Straight, straight is the road : but I falter  
And oft I fall out by the way ;  
Then lift your lamp higher, my brother !  
Lest I should make fatal delay.

There are many and many around you  
Who follow wherever you go ;  
If you thought they would walk in the shadow,  
Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.  
Upon the dark mountains they stumble,  
They are bruised on the rocks where they lie,  
With their white pleading faces turned upward,  
To the clouds and the pitiful sky.

There is many a lamp that is lighted ;  
We behold them anear and afar ;  
But not many among them, my brother,  
Shine steadily on like a star.  
I think were they trimmed night and morning,  
They would never burn down or go out,  
Though from the four quarters of heaven  
The winds were all blowing about.

If once all the lamps that are lighted  
Should steadily blaze in a line,  
Wide over the land and the ocean,  
What a girdle of glory would shine !



How all the dark places would brighten !  
How the mist would roll up and away !  
How the earth would laugh out in her gladness,  
To hail the celestial day !

325. †

507.

SEEK not far off a region fair  
Exempt from grief and sin :  
Men shall not say, Lo, here ! lo, there !  
‘ The Kingdom is within ! ’

*The Kingdom is within !*  
*The Kingdom is within !*  
*O, seek it not, then, far away—*  
*The Kingdom is within !*

If in the heart God reigneth not,  
No place can heavenly be :  
Yet He can bless the lowliest spot  
For souls from evil free.

When Love and Truth and Mercy dwell  
In hearts grown sweet and pure,  
The anthems of the angels swell,  
And heavenly joys endure.

Make God your King, O halting soul :  
Serve Him with strength and mind ;  
And as you own His blest control  
The Kingdom you shall find.

SHALL we all meet at home in the morning,  
 On the shores of the bright crystal sea,  
 With the loved ones who long have been waiting?  
 What a meeting indeed it will be!

*Gathered home! gathered home!  
 On the shores of the bright crystal sea!  
 Gathered home! gathered home!  
 With our loved ones for ever to be!*

Shall we all meet at home in the morning,  
 And from sorrow for ever be free?  
 Shall we join in the songs of the angels?  
 What a meeting indeed it will be!

Shall we all meet at home in the morning,  
 Our glorified Master to see!  
 Shall we know and be known by our loved ones?  
 What a meeting indeed it will be!

SHALL we meet beyond the river,  
 Where the surges cease to roll—  
 Where, in all the bright for ever,  
 Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

*Shall we meet beyond the river,  
 Where the surges cease to roll?*

Shall we meet in yonder haven,  
 When our pilgrimage is o'er,—  
 Where no tempests, wildly raving,  
 Break upon its peaceful shore?

Shall we meet with absent loved ones,  
Who were torn from our embrace—  
Once more fold them to our bosoms,  
And behold them face to face ?

Shall we meet in Zion's city,  
Where the light of God will shine,—  
Where no cloud will veil the beauty,  
Hide the face—of love divine ?

328.

241.

SINCE thy Father's arm sustains thee,  
Peaceful be ! Peaceful be !  
When a chastening hand restrains thee,  
It is He ! It is He !  
Know His love in full completeness  
Fills the measure of thy weakness ;  
If He wound thy spirit sore,  
Trust Him more ! Trust Him more !

Fearest sometimes that thy Father  
Hath forgot ? Hath forgot ?  
When the clouds around thee gather,  
Doubt Him not ! Doubt Him not !  
Ever hath He comfort spoken ;  
Never hath His word been broken ;  
Better hath He been for years  
Than thy fears ! Than thy fears !

Without murmur, uncomplaining,  
Follow on ! Follow on !  
Saying, ' Whatsoe'er God doeth  
Is well done ! Is well done !

Bear to-day thy cross of sorrow,  
Wear thy crown of life to-morrow:  
Sing, while calmly holding still,  
‘Tis His will! ‘Tis His will!’

To His own He ever giveth  
Daily strength! Daily strength!  
To each troubled soul that liveth,  
Peace at length! Peace at length!  
Therefore, whatsoe’er betideth,  
Know His love for thee provideth;  
Do not question ‘Why?’ or ‘How?’  
Only bow! Only bow!

329.

272.

SING them over again to me,  
Wonderful words of life!  
Let me more of their beauty see,  
Wonderful words of life!  
Words of life and beauty,  
Teach me faith and duty:

*Beautiful words! wonderful words!  
Wonderful words of Life.*

Christ, the blessed one, gives to all  
Wonderful words of life!  
Sinner, list to the loving call,—  
Wonderful words of life!  
All so freely given,  
Wooing us to heaven!

Sweetly echo the gospel call,  
Wonderful words of life !  
Offer pardon and peace to all,—  
Wonderful words of life !  
God forsaketh never :  
He will save for ever !

330.†

295.

SOUL of mine, so sad and restless,  
Gazing o'er life's flowing tide ;  
Ever filled with longing visions,  
When wilt thou be satisfied ?

*I shall be satisfied—I shall be satisfied  
When I awake in His likeness !  
I shall be satisfied—I shall be satisfied  
When I awake in His likeness !*

Soul of mine, has earth no beauty ?  
See'st thou not its pomp and pride ?  
Sweet and rare the home it offers—  
Art thou not yet satisfied !

Soul of mine ! rich stores of wisdom,  
Knowledge vast as ocean wide,  
Fame and power, all these invite thee ;—  
When wilt thou be satisfied !

Soul of mine, thou wisely seekest  
Life which ever shall abide.  
He who made thee knows thy yearning ;—  
Thou shalt yet be satisfied.—

SOUND the battle-cry ;  
 See the foe is nigh ;  
 Raise the standard high  
     For the Lord ;  
 Gird your armour on ;  
 Stand firm every one ;  
 Rest your cause upon  
     His holy word.

*Rouse then, soldiers, rally round the banner !  
 Ready, steady, pass the word along :  
 Unward, forward, shout a loud hosanna !  
 Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.*

Strong to meet the foe,  
 Marching on we go,  
 Whilst our cause we know  
     Must prevail ;  
 Shield and banner bright,  
 Gleaming in the light ;  
 Battling for the right,  
     We ne'er can fail.

O, Thou God of all,  
 Hear us when we call,  
 Help us, one and all  
     By Thy grace !  
 When the battle's done,  
 And the vict'ry won,  
 May we wear the crown  
     Before Thy face.

**S**OWING in the morning, sowing seeds of  
kindness,

Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves ;  
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the  
sheaves !

*Bringing in the sheaves ! bringing in the sheaves !  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves !*

Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,  
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling  
breeze :

By-and-by the harvest, and the labour ended,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the  
sheaves !

Go then, even weeping, sowing for the Master,  
Though the loss sustained our spirit often  
grieves ;

When the harvest's over, he will bid us welcome ;  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the  
sheaves !

**S**OWING the seed by the daylight fair,  
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare :  
Sowing the seed by the fading light,  
Sowing the seed in the solemn night :

O, what shall the harvest be ?

*Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,  
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might ;  
Gathered in time or eternity,  
Sure, ah sure, will the harvest be !*

Sowing the seed by the wayside high,  
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die ;  
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,  
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil :  
O, what shall the harvest be ?

Sowing the seed with an aching heart,  
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,  
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,  
Gladly to gather the harvest home :  
O, what shall the harvest be ?

334.\*

7.

STANDING by a purpose true,  
Heeding God's command,  
Honour them, the faithful few !  
All hail to Daniel's Band !

*Dare to be a Daniel !*  
*Dare to stand alone !*  
*Dare to have a purpose firm !*  
*Dare to make it known !*

Many mighty men are lost,  
Daring not to stand,  
Who for God had been a host  
By joining Daniel's Band.

Many giants great and tall,  
Stalking through the land,  
Headlong to the earth would fall,  
If met by Daniel's Band !



Hold the gospel banner high !  
On to victory grand !  
All the hosts of sin defy,  
And hold to Daniel's Band !

335.\*

15.

**S**TAND up ! stand up for Jesus !  
Ye soldiers of the cross ;  
Lift up his royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss.  
From vict'ry unto vict'ry  
His army shall he lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !  
The trumpet call obey ;  
Forth to the mighty conflict  
In this his glorious day !  
Ye that are men, now serve him  
Against unnumbered foes ;  
Let courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !  
The strife will not be long ;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song :  
Put on the gospel armour,  
And, watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

STAR of peace ! to wand'ers weary,  
 Bright the beams that smile on me ;  
 Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,  
 Far, far at sea.

Star of hope ! gleam on the billow,  
 Bless the soul that sighs for thee ;  
 Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,  
 Far, far at sea.

Star of faith ! when winds are mocking  
 All his toil, he flies to thee ;  
 Save him on the billows rocking,  
 Far, far at sea.

Star divine ! O, safely guide him,—  
 Bring the wanderer home to thee !  
 Sore temptations long have tried him,  
 Far, far at sea.

SWEETER than all earthly music,  
 Richer far than gold or gem,  
 Is the grace the Spirit giveth ;  
 Is the soul's bright diadem.

*Earthly crowns must pass away,  
 Hushed must be the sweetest lay ;  
 But the Spirit-gifts of Heaven  
 Live through God's eternal day !*

Ever seek with earnest striving  
All the *best* gifts of His love :  
Faith and Hope, and Love abiding,  
Treasures sent from Heaven above.

Joy and Peace and tender Patience,  
Goodness, Kindness, Faithfulness,  
Meekness, Temperance ; all He giveth ;  
For He ever loves to bless.

Claim we then the offered blessing :  
'Tis our birthright rich and sure.  
What the Holy Spirit giveth  
Shall to endless life endure.

338.

48.

SWEET hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !  
That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me at my Father's throne  
Make all my wants and wishes known :  
In seasons of distress and grief  
My soul has often found relief,  
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer !

Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !  
Thy wings shall my petition bear  
To Him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless.  
And since He bids me seek His face  
Believe His word and trust His grace,  
I'll cast on Him my every care  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer !

SWEET is the whisper, evermore pleading,  
 That in my heart, is murmuring low—  
 Bidding me follow, where God is leading,  
 Up to the land where still waters flow.

*I am coming, I am coming, coming, Holiest  
 to be blest ;*

*I am coming, I am coming, coming, Lord,  
 to Thee for rest !*

Through the green pastures gently He'll guide  
 me,

'Neath the cool shade when mid-day is bright ;  
 In His sure covert safely He'll hide me,  
 When softly falls the darkness of night.

Near Him abiding nothing shall harm me,  
 Led by His staff, upheld by His rod :  
 Cheered by His counsel, what can alarm me,—  
 Sweet is the path my Shepherd has trod.

Through the dark valley, lonesome and dreary,  
 Shadowed by Death, and awful with gloom,  
 Still I will follow, trusting, though weary,  
 Till the day dawneth, radiant with gloom.

TAKE Thou my hand, and lead me—  
 Choose Thou my way !

'Not as I will,' O Father,  
 Teach me to say.

What though the storms may gather,  
 Thou knowest best ;

Safe in Thy holy keeping,  
 There would I rest.

Take Thou my hand, and lead me—  
Lord, I am Thine!  
Fill with Thy holy spirit  
This heart of mine:  
Then in the hour of trial  
Strong shall I be—  
Ready to do, or suffer,  
Dear Lord, for Thee.

Take Thou my hand, and lead me,  
Lord, as I go;  
Into Thy perfect image  
Help me to grow.  
Still in Thine own pavilion  
Shelter Thou me;  
Keep me, O Father, keep me,  
Close, close to Thee!

341.†

14.

TELL me the old, old story  
That Jesus loved so dear:—  
The sweetest song of glory  
That drooping hearts can hear.  
Tell of the love so tender  
Our Father bears us all;—  
That He, the strong Defender,  
Still holds us lest we fall.

*Tell me the old, old story  
That Jesus loved so dear.*

Tell me, when overtaken  
By this world's care and ill,  
We never are forsaken  
Our God is with us still.  
Deep unto deep loud calleth,  
By stormy tempests blown;  
Yet not a sparrow falleth,  
Forgotten or alone.

Sweet is the old, old story!  
It dries each falling tear!  
The Christian's song of glory  
Can still each faithless fear.  
He, who the worlds upholdeth  
And bids the seasons move,  
His children still enfoldeth  
In arms of watchful love.

342.†

TEMPERANCE soldiers, firmly stand,  
Heart to heart and hand to hand,  
Till drink is known no more!  
*O, that will be joyful,  
When strong drink is known no more!*

Day by day the curse rolls on,  
Day by day bright hopes are gone;  
Lost souls your help implore.

Ruined lives are dark with woe:  
Bitters tears of sorrow flow,  
And hearts are sad and sore!

Christians! rise in earnest might :  
Stay the drink's destructive blight,  
And drive it from our shore !

343.

448.

**T**ENDERLY guide us, O Shepherd of love,  
To the green pastures and waters above ;  
Guarding us ever by night and by day,  
Never from thee would we stray.

*Never ! . . . never ! . . .*

*Never ! oh, never ! for thou art the Way ;*

*Never ! . . . never ! . . .*

*Never from thee would we stray !*

What though the heavens with clouds be o'er-  
cast ?—

Fearful the tempest, and bitter the blast !  
Still with the light of thy word on the way,  
Never from thee would we stray.

Over our weakness thy strength has been cast ;  
Keep us in meekness, thine own till the last ;  
Then, safely folded, with joy we shall say,  
Never from thee would we stray.

344.

337.

**T**ENDERLY He leads us,  
All our days below ;  
Carefully He shows us,  
Every step we go.

*Tenderly He leads us,*

*Every step we go !*

*O, how sweet to trust Him*  
*All the way below !*

Through His holy spirit,  
We are taught the way,  
Upward to His kingdom,  
Brighter far than day.

They who early seek Him,  
With a humble mind,  
Pardon, life, and comfort,  
Evermore shall find.

345.†

475.

**T**HANKS be to God for the Bible;  
Storehouse of riches divine:  
Rest for the weak and the weary;  
Lamp in the darkness to shine.  
Water of life; peace in our strife;  
Comfort in sorrow and light on our way:  
Praise be to God for the Bible!  
Thanks be to Him, day by day!

Lives of the true and the holy;  
Visions of duty and love;  
Psalms of the sweetest devotion;  
Anthems of angels above.  
Glimpses of heaven; wanderings forgiven  
Promise of blessing on them that obey:  
Praise be to God for the Bible!  
Thanks be to Him, day by day!

Light ever brightening in glory;  
Truth ever shining more clear!  
Christ and the sweet gospel story;  
God to His children so near!



Jesus our friend, true to the end ;  
Shepherd of sheep who had wandered astray :—  
Praise be to God for the Bible !  
Thanks be to him day by day !

Thanks be to God for the Bible ;  
Teacher of innocent youth ;  
Stay of the sick and the aged ;  
Guide to the seeker for truth.  
Quick'ner of faith ; conquerer of death ;  
Staff of the pilgrim on life's upward way ;  
Praise be to God for the Bible !  
Thanks be to him, day by day !

346.†

350

THE Lord hath tuned my heart to praise,  
And taught my lips to sing ;  
I'll lift my voice in joyful lays,  
And grateful tribute bring.

*I'll praise Him ! praise Him ! praise Him all  
the time !*

*Praise Him ! Praise Him ! I'll praise Him all  
the time.*

His praise shall be my heart's delight,  
When gladness shines around ;  
When every hour with hope is bright,  
And gifts of grace abound.

His praise shall be my sure defence,  
A fortress for my soul ;  
And nought shall ever drive me thence,  
Whence fierce temptations roll.

When, in His wisdom, He denies  
The bounties of His hand,  
If storms of sorrow veil the skies,  
Secure in this I stand.

When through the Valley, dark and drear,  
I pass from earth away,  
His praise the lonely path shall cheer,  
Till darkness turns to day !

347.\*

323.

THERE are lonely hearts to cherish,  
While the days are going by ;  
There are weary souls who perish,  
While the days are going by.  
If a smile we can renew,  
As our journey we pursue,  
Oh, the good we all may do,  
While the days are going by :

*Going by !    Going by !  
Going by !    Going by !  
Oh, the good we all may do,  
While the days are going by.*

There's no time for idle scorning,  
While the days are going by :  
Let your face be like the morning,  
While the days are going by.  
Oh, the world is full of sighs,  
Full of sad and weeping eyes ;  
Help the fallen one to rise,  
While the days are going by !

All the loving links that bind us  
While the days are going by,  
One by one we leave behind us,  
While the days are going by ;  
But the seeds of good we sow,  
Both in shade and shine will grow,  
And will keep our hearts aglow,  
While the days are going by !

348.\*

563.

THERE is a calm beyond life's fitful fever,  
A deep repose, an everlasting rest,  
Where God's dear children dwell by life's fair  
river,

Among the blest : among the blest.  
There is a home where all the soul's deep yearnings  
And silent prayers shall be at last fulfilled ;  
Where strife and sorrow, murm'ring and heart-  
burnings  
At last are stilled : at last are stilled.

There is a Hope to which the spirit clinging  
Is lifted high above the surging wave :  
Finds life in death, and fadeless flowers springing  
From the dark grave : from the dark grave.  
There is a Home, a Hope, a Life in heaven—  
O God ! that any should Thy gift refuse !  
Dear heart ! the choice of life and death is given—  
Which wilt thou choose ? which wilt thou  
choose ?

THERE is a land, a sunny land,  
 Whose skies are ever bright,  
 Where evening shadows never fall,  
 Nor sorrow dims its light.

*If the cross we meekly bear,  
 Then the crown we shall wear,  
 When we dwell, redeemed and fair,  
 In the bright for evermore.*

There is a clime, a peaceful clime,  
 Beyond life's narrow sea,  
 Where every storm is hushed to rest ;  
 There let our treasure be.

There is a home, a glorious home,  
 A heavenly mansion fair ;  
 And those we love so fondly here  
 Will bid us welcome there.

THERE is beauty all around,  
 When there's love at home ;  
 There is joy in every sound,  
 When there's love at home.  
 Peace and plenty here abide,  
 Smiling sweet on every side ;  
 Time doth softly, sweetly glide,  
 When there's love at home.

*Love at home ; love at home !  
 Time doth softly, sweetly glide  
 When there's love at home.*

In the cottage there is joy,  
When there's love at home ;  
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,  
When there's love at home.  
Roses blossom 'neath our feet,  
All the earth's a garden sweet,  
Making life a bliss complete,  
When there's love at home.

*Love at home ; love at home !  
Making life a bliss complete,  
When there's love at home.*

Kindly heaven smiles above,  
When there's love at home ;  
All the earth is filled with love,  
When there's love at home ;  
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,  
Brighter beams the azure sky ;  
O, there's One who smiles on high  
When there's love at home.

*Love at home ; love at home !  
O, there's One who smiles on high  
When there's love at home.*

351.†

55.

**T**HERE is work on earth for me,  
There is work on earth for me,  
There are sins to fight, and wrongs to right, and  
there's work for me !

There is help from God for me ;  
When I am weak, His grace I'll seek, and there's  
help for me !

There is joy and peace for me ;  
If I do His will, God aids me still, and there's  
joy for me !

There is love on earth for me ;  
If my heart is right, my life is bright, and  
there's love for me !

There is rest in heaven for me :  
There is rest on high, beyond the sky ; there is  
rest for me !

352.\*

9.

THERE'S a Hope that is fairer than day,  
And it brightens the earth and the sky ;—  
We may scatter our seed by the way,  
For the harvest will come by and by.

*For we hope . . . in the Lord . . .  
And His Kingdom will come by and by !*

There's a Faith that is truer than sight,  
And it leads us through pathways unknown ;  
Not a sparrow can fall in the night,  
Not a soul can be lost, or alone !

*For we trust . . . in the Lord . . .  
And His Kingdom will come by and by !*

There's a Love that is deeper than all,  
And it pulses in life everywhere :  
Neither failure nor loss can befall,  
When we rest in the Infinite Care.

*For we live . . . in the Lord . . .  
And His Kingdom will come by and by !  
E. E. Mearns.*

THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,  
 And by faith we can see it afar,  
 For the Father waits over the way,  
 To prepare us a dwelling place there.

*In the sweet by-and-by,  
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore ;  
 In the sweet by-and-by,  
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore.*

We shall sing on that beautiful shore  
 The melodious songs of the blest ;  
 And our spirits shall sorrow no more—  
 Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful Father above  
 We will offer the tribute of praise,  
 For the glorious gift of His love,  
 And the blessings that hallow our days.

354.†

53.

THERE'S a voice within my soul—a whisper  
 in my ear ;  
 E'en when angry thunders roll, comes its music  
 still and clear.

*(Softly) 'Give thy heart to Me!' hear it o'er  
 and o'er !  
 'All thou hast I gave to thee ; thou'rt  
 Mine for evermore.'*

In the Babel noise of life, the busy rush for gain,  
 In the din of earthly strife, still I hear the gentle  
 strain.

Trembling in the mourner's tear, through  
sorrow's weary moan,  
In the hour of deadly fear, softly falls that  
thrilling tone.

When the shades of death are nigh, when nature  
falls asleep,  
Still that voice will hush the sigh, fill the soul  
with rapture deep.

355.†

108

**T**HE sacred Cross of Jesus  
Stands like a beacon light,  
To guide the storm-tossed wanderer  
Across the gloom of night.  
Amidst the crash of tempests,  
It stands for ever sure ;  
Upon the Rock of Ages.  
It shall for aye endure.

Beneath the Cross of Jesus  
I rest my weary soul,  
When life is dark and troubled,  
And floods of sorrow roll.  
Upon his love I ponder,  
That led him there to die,  
Till all my troubles vanish,  
And heaven seems very nigh.

O blessed Cross of Jesus,  
O wondrous throne of grace,  
On thee, in glory shining,  
The light of Heaven we trace !



On thee, for aye uplifted,  
In radiance from above,  
Shines down the weary ages  
The mystery of Love!

356. +

S 568.

**T**HOU canst not serve thyself and God ;  
Two masters thou canst not obey ;  
One path of peace alone is trod  
By all who seek eternal day !  
He that shall make the Lord his choice  
Shall find in Him eternal life ;  
His soul shall day by day rejoice,  
And heavenly rest shall end the strife.  
But weary is the yoke of sin,  
And wretched all who bear its chain ;  
Despair and death the wage they win,  
While every joy fades out in pain.  
'Tis life or death, 'tis joy or woe ;—  
The blessing or the curse is thine ;—  
Why dost thou halt when for thee flow  
The blessed streams of grace divine ?  
Then choose to-day, O halting soul !  
Why waitest thou from hour to hour ?  
Make God the Lord thy lofty goal,  
And rest thee in His mighty power !

357.

239.

**T**HOUGH the way be sometimes dreary,  
Father, lead Thou me !  
Though the heart be sometimes weary,  
Father, lead Thou me !

Though a host encamp before me,  
Fearless will I be!  
With Thy banner floating o'er me,  
Father, lead Thou me!

Through the valley dark and lonely,  
Father, lead Thou me!  
Give me then Thy presence only,  
Father, lead Thou me!  
When I hear the billows roaring,  
Bid the shadows flee;  
Then my fainting soul restoring,  
Father, lead Thou me!

Sins oppose and fears alarm me:  
Father, lead Thou me!  
Led by Thee there's nought can harm me  
Father, lead Thou me!  
By Thy mighty power surrounded,  
Trusting all to Thee,  
Let me never be confounded:  
Father, lead Thou me!

358.†

539.

**T**IS sweet to trust my loving God;  
'Tis sweet to kiss His chastening rod;  
'Tis sweet to go where He may send,  
And sweet to know He will defend.

*In Thee I trust, O Friend divine!  
Thy blessèd will be ever mine!  
And by Thy grace my heart shall be  
In life or death still true to Thee!*

His tender love knows what is best ;  
In His kind care my life may rest :  
What is withheld no boon would be ;  
What He may give contenteth me.

In every joy I'll praise my Lord !  
In every grief I'll trust His word !  
In dangers' hour secure I'll stand  
So safely held in His kind hand !

359.\*

176.

**T**O the work ! to the work ! we are servants  
of God ;

Let us follow the path that our Master has trod :  
With the balm of his counsel our strength to  
renew,

Let us do with our might what our hands find  
to do !

*Toiling on, toiling on,  
Toiling on, toiling on,  
Let us hope, let us watch,  
And labour till the Kingdom comes.*

To the work ! to the work ! let the hungry be fed ;  
To the fountain of Life let the weary be led ;  
In the cross and its banner our glory shall be,  
Till the whole earth shall join in the song of  
the free !

To the work ! to the work ! there is labour for all,  
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall ;  
All the nations redeemed from their sorrow shall  
sing :

And earth with her children rejoice in her King !

360.

*'Long, long ago.'*

**T**OUCH not the cup; it is death to thy soul!  
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.

Many I know who have quaffed from the bowl;

Touch not the cup; touch it not.

Little they thought that the demon was there;

Blindly they drank and were caught in the snare;

Then of that death-dealing bowl, O beware!

Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Touch not the cup, O young man, in thy pride!

Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.

Hark to the warning of thousands who've died:

Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Go to their lonely and desolate tomb:

Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom:

Think that perhaps thou may'st share in their  
 doom!

Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Touch not the cup; O drink not a drop!

Touch not the cup: touch not the cup.

All that thou lovest entreat thee to stop:

Touch not the cup; touch it not!

Stop! for the home that to thee is so dear:

Stop! for the friends that to thee are so near:

Stop! for thy country; the God that you fear:

Touch not the cup; touch it not!

361.

*For Children.*

568.

**W**E are but little children weak,  
 Nor born in any high estate;

What can we do for Jesus' sake,

Who is so high, and good, and great?

O, day by day each Christian child  
Has much to do, without, within;  
A death to die for Jesus' sake,  
A weary war to wage with sin.

When deep within our swelling hearts  
The thoughts of pride and anger rise;  
When bitter words are on our tongues,  
And tears of passion in our eyes:

Then we may stay the angry blow,  
Then we may check the hasty word;  
Give gentle answers back again,  
And fight a battle for our Lord.

With smiles of peace and looks of love  
Light in our dwellings we may make;  
Bid kind good humour brighten there—  
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

There's not a child so small and weak  
But has his little cross to take,  
His little work of love and praise  
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

362.\*

407.

WE are out on the ocean sailing,  
Homeward bound we sweetly glide;  
We are out on the ocean sailing,  
To a home beyond the tide.

*All the storms will soon be over,  
Then we'll anchor in the harbour;  
We are out on the ocean sailing,  
To a home beyond the tide.*

Millions now are safely landed,  
Over on the golden shore ;  
Millions now are on their journey ;  
Yet there's room for millions more.

Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes  
Gently waft our vessel on ;  
All on board are sweetly singing—  
Life eternal is the song.

When we all are safely anchored,  
All our fears and trials o'er ;  
We will walk about the city,  
And rejoice for evermore.

363.

121.

‘ **W**EAR Y gleaner, whence comest thou,  
With empty hands and clouded brow ?  
Plodding along thy lonely way,  
Tell me, where hast thou gleaned to day ? ’  
‘ Late I found a barren field,  
The “ harvest past ” my search revealed,  
Others golden sheaves had gained,  
Only stubble for me remained.’

*Forth to the harvest field away,  
Gather your handfuls while you may ;  
All day long in the field abide,  
Gleaning close by the reaper's side.*

‘ Careless gleaner, what hast thou here,  
These faded flowers and leaflets sere ?  
Hungry and thirsty, tell me, pray,  
Where, oh, where hast thou gleaned to-day ? ’

‘All day long in shady bowers,  
I’ve gaily sought earth’s fairest flowers;  
Now, alas! too late I see  
All I’ve gathered is vanity.’

‘Burdened gleaner, thy sheaves I see!  
Indeed thou must a-weary be!  
Singing along the homeward way,  
Glad one, where hast thou gleaned to-day?’  
‘Stay me not till day is done;  
I’ve gathered handfuls one by one;  
Here and there for me they fall,  
Close by the reapers I’ve found them all.’

364.\*

281.

WEARY wand’rer stop and listen,  
Happy news we bring to thee—  
Thou art bidden to a banquet;  
Come, and thou shalt welcome be.

*Make no longer vain excuses,—  
Lo! He calls, He calls thee now;  
Come, for everything is ready:  
Weary soul, why waitest thou?*

Are thy sins a heavy burden?  
Come to God, confess them now.  
He is willing to forgive thee;  
Ask, receive;—why waitest thou?

Are thy sorrows dark and dreary?  
Lay them down before Him now;  
Peace and comfort He will send thee—  
Weeping soul, why waitest thou?

Are temptations thick around thee—  
Beckoning thee to folly now ?  
Fly for refuge to thy Maker—  
Wandering soul, why waitest thou ?

Peace and pardon, strength and gladness,  
Are the feast God offers now !  
Ah ! despise not thus His mercy ;—  
Enter in, why waitest thou ?

365.†

278.

WEeping will not save me—  
Though I mourn for bygone sin,  
Though my soul is sad within,  
Idle tears no victory win !  
Weeping will not save me !

*God alone my help can be—  
God alone can strengthen me—  
Love divine can set me free,  
Love divine can save me !*

Working will not save me,—  
But the love of God inspires,  
Fills the heart with holy fires ;  
Wrought by love which never tires,  
Work will help to save me.

Hoping will not save me,—  
But when sorrows weigh me down,  
When the whole world seems to frown,  
When the cross obscures the crown,  
Hope will help to save me.



Faith in God will save me!—

Faith that soars to Heaven above,  
Faith that wins the Heavenly Dove,  
Faith that works by Heavenly Love,  
Faith in God can save me!

366.†

182.

WE must part but not for ever!

There will be a glorious day!  
We shall meet no more to sever,  
Where all tears are wiped away.  
Mourners, here long broken-hearted,  
There shall find each long-lost friend;  
Kindred souls whom death has parted,  
There shall know love cannot end.

*We must part, but not for ever!  
There will be a glorious day!  
We shall meet no more to sever,  
Where all tears are wiped away.*

Ah! the tears that here are falling  
O'er the graves of perished joy!  
Ah! the memories still recalling  
Years whose bliss had no alloy!  
Hush your weeping, faithless mortals,  
Lift your eyes and pierce the gloom;  
Heaven opes wide its radiant portals!  
Ye shall meet beyond the tomb.

367.\*

109.

WE shall meet beyond the river,  
By and by, by and by;  
All the darkness past for ever  
By and by, by and by:

With the toilsome journey done,  
And the glorious battle won,  
Joy shall shine forth as the sun,  
By and by, by and by.

We shall strike the harps of glory,  
By and by, by and by ;  
We shall sing salvation's story,  
By and by, by and by ;  
And the strains for evermore  
Shall resound in sweetness o'er  
Yonder everlasting shore,  
By and by, by and by.

There our tears shall all cease flowing,  
By and by, by and by ;  
There the sweetest rapture knowing,  
By and by, by and by,  
We shall join God's holy throng  
In that land of life and song,  
And His praise in joy prolong,  
By and by, by and by.

368.\*

117.

WHAT a friend we have in Heaven,  
True and kind beyond compare !  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer !  
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,  
Oh, what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer !

Have we trials and temptations ?  
Is there trouble anywhere ?  
We should never be discouraged ;  
Take it to the Lord in prayer !  
Can we find a friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share ?  
One who knows our every weakness --  
Take it to the Lord in prayer !

Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care ?  
Rest it on the Rock of Ages :  
Take it to the Lord in prayer !  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee ?—  
Turn to Him in thy despair ;  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

369.†

568.

WHAT is it makes a manly man ?  
His mighty bulk and length of limb ?  
His knotted muscle, cheek of tan,  
His frowning brow and passion grim ?

Is he the manly man whose power  
Is bent on gaining all his ends ;  
Who little cares in triumph's hour  
If those who fall are foes or friends ?

Is he the man who sets his aim  
On ease and wealth, on place and pride ;  
Who climbs a pinnacle of fame  
By setting right and ruth aside ?

The manly man is he whose heart  
Is ever tender, ever true ;  
Whose conscience never fails to smart  
When wrong is done the wide world through.

'Tis he whose will is ever bent  
On daily duty, daily growth ;  
Nor deems his life and powers were lent  
To run to waste in aimless sloth.

But more than all, a man is he  
Who knows himself a soul divine ;  
Who still aspires with spirit free  
Amongst God's faithful ones to shine ;

Who worships God in heart and life ;  
Who loves Him with his mind and strength ;  
Who battles on through earthly strife  
Content that victory comes at length.

370.\*

17.

WHEN he cometh, when he cometh,  
To make up his jewels,  
All his jewels, precious jewels,  
His loved and his own.

*Like the stars of the morning,  
His bright crown adorning,  
They shall shine in their beauty,  
Bright gems for his crown.*

He will gather, he will gather,  
The gems for his kingdom ;  
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,  
His loved and his own.

Little children, little children,  
So tender and loving,  
Are the jewels, precious jewels,  
His loved and his own.

371.

606.

WHEN the mists have rolled in splendour  
From the beauty of the hills,  
And the sunlight falls in gladness,  
On the river and the rills,  
We recall our Father's promise,  
In the rainbow of the spray :  
We shall know each other better  
When the mists have rolled away.

*We shall know . . as we are known, . . .  
Never more . . to walk alone, . . .  
In the dawning of the morning  
Of that bright and happy day ;  
We shall know each other better,  
When the mists have rolled away !*

Oft we tread the path before us  
With a weary burdened heart ;  
Oft we toil amid the shadows,  
And our fields are far apart :  
But the welcome ' Come ye blessed '   
All our labour will repay,  
When we gather in the morning  
Where the mists have rolled away.

We shall come with joy and gladness,  
We shall gather round the throne ;  
Face to face with those that love us,  
We shall know as we are known :  
And the song of our redemption  
Shall resound through endless day,  
When the shadows have departed,  
And the mists have rolled away.

372.\*

375.

WHEN the storms of life are raging,  
Tempests wild on sea and land,  
I will seek a place of refuge  
In the shadow of God's hand.

*He will hide me ! He will hide me !  
Where no harm can e'er betide me :  
He will hide me, safely hide me,  
In the shadow of His hand !*

Though He may send some affliction,  
'Twill but make me long for home ;  
For in love, and not in anger,  
All His chastenings will come.

Enemies may strive to injure,  
Sin its fairest lures employ ;  
God will turn what seems to harm me  
Into everlasting joy.

So while here the cross I'm bearing,  
Meeting storms and billows wild,  
For the rest, my God is caring ;  
Nought can harm His trusting child.

W H E N E' E R thy earthly lot may be,  
 Whate'er the trials thou may'st see,  
 O, rest in the Lord, wait patiently,  
 O, rest in the Lord.

*O, rest in the Lord, and wait, brother,  
 Though clouds obscure the way ;  
 All things for good are working together,  
 O, rest, and wait, and pray.*

'Tis rest ; and not a brief release  
 That only comes when tempests cease ;  
 A transient and uncertain peace :—  
 O, rest in the Lord.

O, rest, not on—but *in* the Lord ;  
 Ah ! could another human word  
 Such sense of restfulness afford,  
 As—rest *in* the Lord ?

Rest *in the Lord* ! His mighty love  
 Doth all things rule, below, above ;  
 Now let thy soul His promise prove,  
 And rest *in the Lord*.

So rest, and wait His chosen day,  
 Nor count such waiting as delay ;  
 Though planets melt and suns decay,  
 O, rest *in the Lord* !

W H E R E V E R we may go, by night or day,  
 A loving voice within doth gently say :  
 ' My son, from every sinful way depart ;—  
 I am the Lord, thy God ! Give Me thy heart !'  
*' Give Me thy heart ! give Me thy heart !  
 O weary, wandering child, give Me thy heart !'*

Slight not that voice so kind, but gladly hear ;  
And choose the Lord to-day, while He is near ;  
He will His pardoning love to thee impart,  
O, hear Him calling still, ' Give Me thy heart ! '

We may have chosen long from Him to roam,  
Yet He will welcome us, if we but come ;  
O, may we not delay, but quickly start,  
While still He whispers clear, ' Give me thy  
heart ! '

375.\*

254.

WHILE the silvery moonbeams fall  
Calmly o'er Judea's plains,  
To the Lord the ruler comes,  
Heavenly wisdom there obtains.

*Born again we all must be,  
If the Kingdom we would see,  
Born again we all must be,  
If the Kingdom we would see.*

Earth by hearts of earth is known :  
Heaven eludes their vision keen !  
By the Spirit-life alone  
Can the Spirit-world be seen.

Not alone by noble deeds,  
Not by penance, pain, or prayer,  
Not alone by human creeds,  
Can we see the Kingdom fair.

Wondrous change ! and are the fruits  
Of the new life found in me ?  
Have I e'er been born again ?  
Do I yet the Kingdom see ?



‘**W**HOSOEVER heareth!’ shout, shout the  
sound!

Send the blessed tidings all the world around!  
Spread the joyful news wherever man is found!

‘Whosoever will may come.’

*‘Whosoever will!’ ‘whosoever will!’*

*Send the proclamation over vale and hill;*

*’Tis a loving Father calls the wanderer home;*

*‘Whosoever will may come.’*

Whosoever cometh need not delay;

Now the door is open, enter while ye may:

Jesus shows the true, the only Living Way.—

‘Whosoever will may come.’

‘Whosoever will,’ the promise is secure;

‘Whosoever will,’ for ever shall endure;

‘Whosoever will,’ ’tis life for evermore;

‘Whosoever will may come.’

**W**HY perish with cold and with hunger?  
There’s plenty for all and to spare,

In the beautiful home of thy Father,

And a welcome awaiting thee there.

*Come! come! wanderer, come!*

*There’s plenty for thee in thy Father’s home;*

*Come! come! wanderer, come!*

*There’s welcome and love in thy Father’s home.*

Come, wanderer, and say to thy Father,  
‘I’ve sinned against heaven and thee :  
Not worthy a place with Thy children,  
Thy servant I gladly would be.’

Thy Father is waiting to greet thee,  
And watching for thee to return ;  
His heart is full of compassion,  
O, prodigal, wilt thou not come ?

378.\*

259

WILL you meet me at the fountain,  
When I reach the glory-land ?  
Will you meet me at the fountain ?  
Shall I clasp your friendly hand ?  
Other friends will give me welcome,  
Other loving voices cheer ;  
There’ll be music at the fountain,  
Will you, will you meet me there ?

*Yes, I’ll meet you at the fountain,  
At the fountain bright and fair,  
O, I’ll meet you at the fountain,  
Yes, I’ll meet you, meet you there.*

Will you meet me at the fountain ?  
For I’m sure that I shall know  
Kindred souls and sweet communion,  
More than I have known below ;  
And the chorus will be sweeter  
When it bursts upon my ear,  
And my heaven seems completer,  
If your happy voice I hear.

Will you meet me at the fountain ?  
I shall long to have you near,  
When I meet my loving Master,  
When his welcome words I hear.  
He will meet me at the fountain,  
His rejoicing I shall share ;  
There'll be glory at the fountain,—  
Will you, will you meet me there ?

379.

66.

WORK for the night is coming !  
Work through the morning hours ;  
Work, while the dew is sparkling,  
Work, 'mid springing flowers ;  
Work, when the day grows brighter,  
Work in the glowing sun :  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming !  
Work, through the sunny noon :  
Fill brightest hours with labour,  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store ;  
Work, for the night-is coming,  
When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies !  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies.

Work, till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth, to shine no more ;  
Work, while the night is darkening,  
When man's work is o'er.

380.†

31.

**Y**ET there is room ! Thy feast, O Lord, is  
spread !

Here they that hunger find the living Bread !  
*Room, room : still room ! Thy people do not come !*

Yet there is room. We bade them one and all :  
Told of the glories of thy banquet-hall !  
*Room, room : still room ! Thy people do not come !*

Yet there is room ; for those we bade come in  
Made vain excuse, and dally yet with sin !  
*Room, room : still room ! Thy people do not come !*

Yet there is room. Rejected by the proud,  
Lord, at thy word we sought the lowly crowd  
*Room, room : still room ! Thy people do not come !*

Yet there is room. By hedge and highway drear  
We bade them come, yet they refuse to hear !  
*Room, room : still room ! Thy people do not come !*

Yet there is room : in vain thy servants plead—  
Speak thou, dear Lord ! perchance they still may  
heed !  
*Room, room : still room ! Perchance they yet may  
come !*

**Y**IELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin;  
 Each victory will help you some other to win;  
 Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue;  
 Look ever to Heaven, God will carry you through.

*Ask Him ever to help you, comfort, strengthen, and  
 keep you :*

*He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.*

Shun evil companions, bad language disdain;  
 God's name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain;  
 Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true;  
 Look ever to Heaven, God will carry you through.

To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown;  
 Through faith we shall conquer, though often  
 cast down :

He who is our Saviour our strength will renew;  
 Look ever to Heaven, God will carry you through.

**Y**OU'RE starting, my boy, on life's journey,  
 Along the grand highway of life;

You'll meet with a thousand temptations—

Each city with evil is rife.

This world is a stage of excitement,

There's danger wherever you go;

But if you are tempted in weakness,

Have courage, my boy, to say No!

*Have courage, my boy, to say No!*

*Have courage, my boy, to say No!*

*Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy,*

*Have courage, my boy, to say No!*

In courage, my boy, lies your safety,  
When you the long journey begin;  
Your trust in a heavenly Father  
Will keep you unspotted from sin:  
Temptations will go on increasing,  
As streams from a rivulet flow;  
But if you'd be true to your manhood,  
Have courage, my boy, to say No!

Be careful in choosing companions:  
Seek only the brave and the true;  
And stand by your friends when in trial,  
Ne'er changing the old for the new.  
And when by false friends you are tempted  
The taste of the wine-cup to know,  
With firmness, with patience, and kindness,  
Have courage, my boy, to say No!

GRACE.

83.

**F**OR all Thy mercies, Lord, we raise  
Our thankful hearts in loving praise:  
While now our daily bread we break,  
May we of Bread from Heaven partake.  
Amen.

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## EDITOR'S NOTE.

I NEED not apologize for reprinting a Hymnal of which 3,000 copies have gone into use, and for which there is a demand. In doing so, however, I have tried to improve it by adding more hymns of standard metres, and by omitting the least useful of the 'sacred songs.' I have also, for the convenience of organists, given references to tunes in various tune books as per note at foot, simply as suggestions. The former 'Short Liturgy' is replaced by two liturgical selections which have been tested by use and found acceptable. Where wished, purchasers of a fair number of Hymnals can have MS. music by applying to me.

I have previously acknowledged my indebtedness for permission to use copyright hymns by Mrs. Alexander, Rev. F. W. Faber per Messrs. Burns & Oates, Rev. J. Ellerton, Dr. Bonar per Messrs. Nisbet & Co., Miss F. R. Havergal, Dr. Martineau and Miss C. Elliot per the Religious Tract Society, in addition to which I now thank Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, Mrs. Geldart (for hymn by the late Rev. E. M. Geldart), Revs. W. G. Tarrant and B. Waugh, for similar permission. If I have overlooked the rights of any others I sincerely apologize, and can only plead the great difficulty of tracing such claims. I have gratefully used many hymns by American poets.

A Hymns Ancient and Modern.

B Bristol Tune Book.

C Church Hymns. *Sullivan.*

M Hymns and Choral Songs. Manchester District  
S.S.A. New Series.

S Sacred Songs and Solos. *Sankey.*

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